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PRINCESS MARY

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H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY AND LORD LASCELLES.

PRINCESS MARY

A Biography

BY

M. C. CAREY

London
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PREFACE

THE early training and extraordinarily liberal education of H.R.H. Princess Mary, her peculiarly English characteristics of love of sport and an out-door life, and, above all, her splendid and almost unrecognised service for her country in the Great War, deserve to be far more widely known than has hitherto been the case.

In endeavouring to convey something more than a general impression of the young Princess's life, which up to now has been so little known or appreciated, my task has been a delightful one, but one that could not have been accomplished without the generous help which has been accorded to me by various members of the Royal Household.

To Her Royal Highness Princess Mary I have in particular to express my deep obligation for her great kindness in placing at my disposal several privately taken and hitherto unpublished photographs,

from her own collection, which so greatly add to the interest of the illustrations.

I am also indebted for much assistance to the Princess's entourage; to the Countess of Leicester; to Lady Baden-Powell; to the Matron, ex-Matron, and Staff of the Great Ormond Street Hospital; and to many others who have so kindly given me much valuable information. For the book as a whole, however, the responsibility is, of course, no one's but my own.

MABEL C. CAREY.

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PRINCESS MARY

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

"MY dear little Diamond Jubilee baby," as Queen Victoria loved to call her, was born, as may be surmised, in 1897. The advent of a little girl gave immense pleasure to her royal parents, for two boys had already been born to them, and the arrival of a daughter seemed to complete the ideal group of three, or "the Happy Trio," as the Duchess of Teck used fondly to call her own three elder children.

The baby was born on April 25th of this famous year, at York Cottage, Sandringham, the birthplace of all the royal children except the Prince of Wales, who first saw the light of day at White Lodge in Richmond Park, his mother's old home.

King Edward suggested that the little Princess should be called "Diamond,"

but the idea was soon abandoned, probably because it was felt that to christen a child by a name that would always determine the date of her birth was hardly a fair thing to do, and she finally received the names of Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, her first name being specially chosen by her great-grandmother's wish, although she has always been known by the last—Mary—after her own mother.

The christening took place very quietly at the Sandringham Parish Church, where the Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan) performed the ceremony, using a golden bowl which had been a wedding gift to the Duke and Duchess of York, as they then were, at their wedding four years previously; and her godparents were Queen Victoria, the Duchess of Teck, the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, Princess Victoria, King George of the Hellenes, and the Earl of Athlone.

York Cottage, where the royal children were chiefly brought up, at any rate in their earlier days, is built on the Sandringham estate, and became the country residence of the Duke and Duchess of York on their marriage. It is not a large

house, and we find the Duchess a little cramped in her new quarters. In writing to a friend she remarks that "the Cottage is very nice, but so small for present needs. I wish I had one large working-room"—which shows that the family were beginning to overflow their temporary country home; but it was an attractive home, and much loved by the Royal Family, who have many pleasant associations in connection with it to look back upon.

The Cottage is built just above a small lake, which greatly adds to the beauty of the place, and though it has very little garden, it is surrounded by carefully chosen flowering shrubs and well laid out flower-beds, which slope down to the water's edge.

Sandringham House itself was left by King Edward to Queen Alexandra for her lifetime, and the Queen Mother is still constantly in residence there.

The interior of York Cottage is very comfortable. The walls are hung with modern pictures, fine old prints and engravings, and in every possible corner a bookcase is sure to be found, overflowing with books. The dining-room, billiard-

room, and the King's library are on the ground floor, and the Queen's boudoir and the nurseries used to be upstairs, so that the echoes of high revelry from the "six" could not fail to have penetrated to her room.

Such were the surroundings in which the little Princess passed the first few years of her life, and a more lovely baby was hard to find, with her blue eyes, golden curls, and rosy cheeks—"La belle rose anglaise!" as Madame Poincaré was led to exclaim involuntarily the first time she saw her. And it is interesting to notice that, even from those days of earliest babyhood, the words seem to have always been the ones which best describe the Princess, who has grown up into such a wonderfully true type of English girlhood, and whose great appeal to the nation's love and sympathy lies in the fact that she is indeed, both in looks and temperament, their English rose.

Born three years after the Prince of Wales, and two years after Prince Albert, Princess Mary comes right in the middle of the turbulent family of boys, and so was able on the one hand to cope with the

younger ones, and, on the other, to enter into all her elder brothers' interests and pursuits; kept young by the smaller ones, and yet at the same time reaching up to understand and enter into the elder boys' life, as only a girl, endowed with hero-worship for an adored eldest brother, can do with complete success.

So at a very early age indeed the little Princess "mothered" them all, though always joining in all the mischief that four high-spirited small boys could devise.

It must have been a great wrench to the Queen when, in the spring of 1901, she and her husband, then Duke of York, had to start off on their colonial tour, leaving their little daughter, barely four years old, and Prince Henry only a baby of a year.

Every mother, whether the wife of a royal duke or an impecunious subaltern, who has had to go through this ordeal of leaving her children behind her for a long sojourn in India or the East, knows what the Queen must have suffered, and can fully sympathise with her when she wrote home to a friend and said, "Those dreadful farewells nearly killed me. I am always thinking of the children, and must thank

you so much for the sweet picture of baby Mary; it is too nice, and looks so pretty on my table."

That King Edward realised what his daughter-in-law was undergoing, in leaving her family, is undoubted, for his sympathy and kindness of heart are always remembered. "Do not worry about the children," he said to the Duchess, "we will look after them"; and little Princess Mary, seeing her mother's obvious emotion, threw her arms round her neck, and echoed, "Never mind, I will take good care of us!" This from a mite of barely four, in whom already the motherly instincts were springing up, with her large and high-spirited "family" to manage.

In November of that year, 1901, the title of Prince of Wales was conferred upon the Duke by King Edward, and the Prince moved from York House to Marlborough House, the King also lending them Frogmore House in Windsor Park.

Frogmore is only a few minutes' walk from Windsor Castle, and was purchased by Queen Anne, in order that she might enjoy "of gentle exercise unobserved"; subsequently Queen Charlotte lived there,

[Downey

H.R.H. AGED THREE MONTHS.

(With the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.)

and later on Princess Augusta. When the latter died, Queen Victoria lent the house to her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who lived there for the remainder of her lifetime.

The daily life at Frogmore was much the same as that at York Cottage, and the Royal Family looked upon it with great affection. It was here that the children felt they could see more of their mother than anywhere else, as she was not so much tied by social and public duties.

The Queen was always in and out of the nurseries in those days, watching over her large family's behaviour from the earliest times, and loving to see them all playing happily together. The King's greatest joy, too, was to escape to the nursery and build wonderful towers and forts of bricks on the floor, with armies of tin soldiers marching over drawbridges and posted on the battlements of the castles. He seldom failed to produce some new mechanical toy when he arrived, and never was there a happier family.

Every Christmas the Royal children gave up their old toys to be sent away for distribution among the poor children of

London, and for the orphan girls at Addlestone, and it is even a fact that raids were occasionally made on the new toys as well, to swell the size of the parcels. The King and Queen were always anxious that the children should be kept free from any kind of rigid repression, and consequently they grew up perfectly natural and unaffected, but always with the royal training of thoughtfulness and consideration for others, that has been such an extraordinarily marked attribute of our Royal Family for so many years.

The Princess began simple lessons at the age of four with her first governess, and though it was later a matter of discussion whether she should attend classes, or even go to a small private school, the Queen decided against the idea, and herself personally arranged her daughter's education at home under competent instructors.

When she was only eight, the Princess could sew and knit, and write a bold round hand, and for a time she shared the boys' lessons under their tutor, Mr. Hansell. She was quick and intelligent for her age, and even in those days showed signs of

what is such a marked characteristic of hers to-day—an immense power of application; she would persevere at a difficult subject until she had mastered it, and was thorough to a degree, a trait which will be noticed again and again through her life, especially at the times when she was training for special work during the war.

In her lessons she kept well abreast of her elder brothers, even forging ahead in some subjects by dint of sheer hard work, which was of course aided by her natural ability.

It has sometimes been inferred that she must have been a rather precocious child, endowed with unnatural wisdom, which was likely to make her old before her time, and tend to stamp out her naturally lovable and playful nature. Nothing is further from the truth. She did learn easily and well, and she was, of course, most carefully and soundly taught, and made to treat her studies a good deal more seriously than most children—not having the responsibilities of royalty ahead of them—have to do at such an early age; but, at the same time, she was up to all her brothers' pranks and games.

King Edward was one of her earliest slaves, and used to spend hours in the garden of Sandringham with his little golden-haired granddaughter. It speaks volumes for the Queen's careful training that, with so much admiration, she was never really in the least spoilt; though it is not to be supposed that the Princess was not just like all other small girls, or that she did not come in for the same share of correction as her brothers.

When the Prince of Wales first went to Osborne, there were great lamentations on the part of his little sister, and she besought her mother to let her go to school with "David." But though the Queen never gave her consent to a school régime, she did arrange that her daughter should, as she gradually lost the companionship of her brothers, be with her as much as possible, and also that several of the Princess's personal friends should come and do lessons with her under the tuition of Mademoiselle Dussau, who was for so many years her governess and close confidante.

Amongst those who joined Her Royal Highness at her lessons were the younger daughters of the Duke and Duchess of

Devonshire, and together they all formed what the Prince of Wales, with the superiority of an elder brother, christened "the flapper brigade"!

Twice a week special classes were held at Buckingham Palace, and at the end of the term examination papers were set, and marks most impartially awarded in the different subjects. Mlle Dussau certainly had the great gift of being able to impart knowledge, not only efficiently, but with great interest to her pupils, and they freely acknowledged that the lessons were very pleasant ones.

When she was only eight years old, the Princess was a passable linguist. At the age of twelve she received the compliments of the French Ambassador upon her charming and fluent pronunciation of his language, and she could at that time also converse well in German. Her chief lessons dealt with literature, geography, and history, and it is easy to imagine the interest the class took in the latter subject, when one learns that the Queen arranged that they should constantly visit the Tower of London, the British Museum, Hampton Court, and other historical places that

came into prominence in connection with the special period of history they were studying.

This, of course, gave a vivid actuality to it all, and made a far more lasting impression on the mind of the children than any ordinary book-learning could ever have done.

Geography was taught in its early stages by the help of a huge tray of sand, on which oceans, continents, valleys, and mountain ranges were modelled, with little ships showing the trade routes of the world, as they voyaged from port to port, carrying the particular imports or exports to and from Great Britain. Picture postcards and photographs were also very much made use of in these lessons, and by all these different means the Princess became so keen on the subject that she turned into an excellent map-reader, which is by no means a common accomplishment, and during the war she was extraordinarily quick in grasping the different battle fronts and working out the movements of the front lines of the opposing forces on the large scale maps she had of her own.

In the weeks spent during the autumn

A FAMILY GROUP [Downey

(*Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and Prince Henry*)

and spring at York Cottage, only French used to be spoken amongst the royal children, under the discerning eye of M. Hua, who was one of the young Princes' tutors, and to-day the Princess speaks the language no less perfectly than her mother, which is saying a very great deal indeed, as the Queen's pure accent and easy fluency are well known.

That the Princess's success in her many accomplishments was not achieved without a certain amount of weariness to the flesh, if not to the spirit, is no doubt true. She was once visiting an exhibition of work held in connection with the London Needlework Guild, in which the Queen had long interested herself. Someone drew attention to a piece of work which the Princess had made herself, and admired the neatness of the stitches. The Queen laughingly replied, "I am afraid it cost some tears," and no doubt the little Princess remembered the long hours of patient sewing which went to the making.

CHAPTER II

EARLY TRAINING

PHYSICALLY Princess Mary inherits her mother's splendid constitution, and as she has all an English girl's love of the out-of-doors, she grew up full of health and vigour, as her wonderful complexion bears witness. When she was small, she used to let off some of her superfluous energy in the model dairy at Sandringham, which had been established by Queen Alexandra. She soon learnt to churn, and in her dairymaid's blue homespun and white cap would delight in making special little pats of butter for her father's early breakfast.

There is a great fascination in youth in making things that can be tasted afterwards, and the Princess was no exception to this, when she used to admit with the utmost candour that she liked cooking things that "I can eat myself afterwards."

She had, at one time, a great ambition to drive King Edward's car, and used often

to plead with her grandfather to be allowed to be taught motoring. "*Do* let me, just in the *Park* . . ." she used to beg, when staying at Windsor, where the long straight drives seemed invitingly clear of traffic. "Certainly," King Edward said on one occasion, "only you must wait a bit until we have time to clear all the trees away first!" and the little Princess could never get his real permission.

Her affection for her brother, the Prince of Wales, almost amounts to devotion, and the greatest goodfellowship and confidence have always existed between the two. They were often seen at public functions where etiquette allowed of their presence, and nothing was too ceremonious or tedious for the pair, provided always that they were together and could invent some amusement out of it. Mme Tussaud's waxworks were a joy to them; as they gazed at the effigies of their parents one day, "Isn't it good of father!" said the one, and, "This *is* so like mother, too!" came from the other. There was nothing in the least *blasé* about them.

Once, when the University of Bangor

was being opened, the Prince of Wales and his small sister were present all through the long official speeches, and the demand made on their patience by so much solemnity did become rather trying. After some time it was noticed that they were both missing, and at last the pair were discovered at the top of the high tower, looking across to the wonderful view of Snowdon. As they crept back rather breathless, both with apprehension as to their reception after this escapade, and also from the exceeding steepness of the many flights of steps, the Prince was overheard to whisper confidentially, and at the same time in a rather tentative voice, "That was worth the climb, wasn't it, Mary?" and his staunch supporter at once whispered back reassuringly, "I should rather think it *was*!"

The royal children were all extremely keen on bicycling at one time, and the Princess was not one whit behind her brothers in the art, though she never quite attained to the acrobatic feats that the Prince of Wales performed on his machine. There came a day when the King and Queen were to attend the first meeting of

"Royal Ascot" after the Court had gone out of mourning for King Edward, and the children were left behind, much to their disappointment. However, not to be outdone, they arranged a racing event of their own, which they called the "Ascot Cycles Stakes," and set off in great style, Prince George being given a start of a yard as the youngest of the "field," and Princess Mary the same privilege, as being the only lady "up." Amid the greatest excitement the Princess came in first.

The story is often told of the episode on the river, near the "Old Cut" at Datchet, a favourite resort of the Princes, where a collision occurred between the skiff in which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were sculling, being steered by their sister, and a boat manned by some Eton boys.

"When you are going to learn to row?" demanded the unwitting youngsters, seeing a girl cox, and anxious to show their masculine disdain at once.

But the Princess was quite equal to them: "When you've learnt manners!" she retorted, before either of her two brothers could rise to the occasion, and

with this parting thrust she left the Etonians more than a little discomfited.

An ex-Cameronian Highlander used to drill the children at York Cottage, and in the most martial of voices rap out his commands and school his juvenile squad in the art of deportment, as with flat backs and heads thrown back they would march up and down in front of him. At first the Queen used to give Princess Mary some of her lessons herself, only handing her over completely to her governess as she grew older. She had very decided views on education, and, whilst ever stretching forward to the new, she very definitely determined to retain the old ideals, that lend so much charm and grace to the life of a young girl, but which in these modern days of school-girl hockey and cricket are rather apt to be overlooked.

The Princess, therefore, amidst all her fun with the boys, learned to mend their socks as well as to cox their boats; to make cakes for their tea, as well as to drive a pair of ponies; and her education was versatility itself. No wonder that Prince "David," as the Prince of Wales is always

called, was heard to observe gloomily, when he was reminded of his destiny as future King of England, "What a pity it's not Mary; she's far cleverer than I am. . . ."

The Princess's life was a full one. She used to get up at 7 o'clock, and ride either in Hyde Park when in town, or in Windsor Great Park when the Court was in residence at the Castle. If, however, bad weather kept her indoors, she had to do "preparation" before breakfast, which was at 8.30, and which she and the Queen had together.

At 9.30 the schoolroom claimed her until 1 p.m., and then in the afternoon she used either to sew or paint after lunch, or else spend the afternoon with her mother, unless the latter was otherwise engaged at some social or public function. In the evening there would be games with the younger Princes, for after the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert went to school, she was thrown back a good deal on the society of Prince Henry and Prince George, her juniors. Sometimes she would be allowed to dine with the King and

Queen, or else in the evening there might be a concert, or music in the Queen's private boudoir, where only the family or very intimate friends were ever invited.

As she was now more alone, reading was the Princess's chief pastime, and she read tales of adventure with the greatest zest, stories by Henty, Ballantyne, Rider Haggard, and other boys' writers being far and away her favourites. She had also a great admiration for Tennyson's poems about this time, and was so wrapped up in the *Idylls of the King* that, strictly against all rules, she took the book to bed with her one night, and was found by the Queen, who was going the round of the children's rooms, sitting up in bed, her yellow hair in tight plaits, and her eyes shining with excitement as she followed the adventures of Sir Launcelot and the noble knights. Nursery rules had to be kept, and the book was taken from her and the lights turned out, whilst next morning the Queen's small daughter had an extra half-hour's lessons as punishment.

Music she studied under Madame Hutchinson. She certainly inherits her mother's love of music and her mother's

real gift for singing. In her youth the Queen was carefully taught by Tosti, and the Princess's low and singularly charming speaking voice has been trained as a mezzo-soprano. It is very sweet, though not of any great volume.

The King and Queen were always very particular about their children's religious education, and the Princess used to have a Scripture lesson every morning, and had to read a chapter in the Bible before breakfast. She was prepared for Confirmation by the late Canon Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and the ceremony took place on March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, in the year 1913, when the Princess was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury at a special service held in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace.

This may be said to have been the first great personal occasion in the young Princess's life. There were present, beside the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of Albany, Princess

Alexander of Teck, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Maud. Almost the only other guests were the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Farquhar, and Mme Bricka.

Princess Mary wore a simple white frock, and a veil which had been worn by the Queen at her own Confirmation. She stood slightly in front of her parents, and the service opened with the hymn, "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult . . .," which everyone joined in singing. The service of the Order of Confirmation, being of such a personal nature, is often a rather trying ordeal for a young girl, but the Princess went through it quite calmly and simply, and her response to the Archbishop's searching question—"Do you here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your Baptism . . . ?"—was clear and unfaltering, as with the words, "I do," she testified her allegiance to the National Church and the Christian vows.

It was in 1913, when Princess Mary was sixteen, that she first went with her governess to open a Savings Bank account

By permission] [*From the Princess's Collection.*

ON HER FIRST PONY AT FROGMORE

in her own name, and she used afterwards to go to the Post Office regularly to transact her own business in connection with it. She generally knew what she wanted on these occasions, and when out shopping would insist on the exact article being produced that she desired to purchase.

The story of how she went to buy a broom for Prince Henry is a much-quoted one. She could not find the kind she wanted, and the shopman tried to tempt her with every kind of brush he possessed except the right one. But the Princess would not look at them. "I must have a nice little hard broom for Henry to sweep the garden paths with," she said, gazing up at the man's face with her big blue eyes. She got her broom at last, and marched out triumphant.

The Princess's energy is unbounded, and some years ago, while paying a visit to a country house with her parents, she took part in a great tree-planting in honour of the royal visit. Each royal guest planted a tree, using the pick or spade provided for the occasion with becoming dignity. But Princess Mary, full of zeal and impatiently awaiting her turn, eventually

seized the spade and began shovelling the earth in such good earnest that clods flew hither and thither, and the King and Queen, amid much laughter, came in for a share of the flying soil, as their daughter energetically and characteristically "did the thing thoroughly."

There was one idiosyncrasy of the Princess that her brothers never ceased to tease her about, and which was the joke of the family. This was her inseparable companion, known to the boys as "Mary's Twin"—her large umbrella, which, like Queen Victoria, she never could be induced to leave behind at home, even on the most cloudless day. Remonstrances were useless—if it had not rained, there was every chance of a sudden downpour—and out the umbrella would go.

All the Royal Family are devoted to animals, and the young Princes and their sister were continually rescuing some wounded bird or beast and nursing it back to health at Frogmore. If the treatment failed, then, as befitted her more tender-hearted sex, the Princess was always requisitioned to supply the proper amount of ceremonial grief should a funeral become

necessary. The ponies and horses were adored by the children, and the Princess and "Happy," her rough-haired terrier, were seldom seen apart.

The King taught her to ride and gave her a chestnut pony of her own as soon as she was safe in the saddle, and, to-day, riding and hunting are the greatest joys to her, and she never loses a chance of getting a good gallop across country if she can possibly help it.

The Princess, when she was about twelve years old, and staying at Balmoral, learned the intricacies of Scotch reels with the younger Princes, and picked up the steps, as a girl might be expected to do, a good deal quicker than they did. Although she has always been very keen on dancing, she has not had much chance to enjoy herself in that direction. The war, coming just when she was growing up, put a stop to all gaiety of that sort, and, in common with so many girls of her own age, Princess Mary missed the balls that would otherwise have been given on the occasion of her début.

Golf was another youthful ambition in

these early times in Scotland, and the Princess and Prince Albert would practise their strokes with great enthusiasm. One day the Prince begged his sister to come and watch him make a wonderful drive, for this time he had really "got it." So off they went, and the small Prince teed up his ball with the most precise care, and settled himself down for his stroke. Three times his club hit the earth with a resounding smack, sending up the turf in every direction, but at last the ball trickled forward about a foot. The Princess, watching his tragic performance with gleeful eyes, could contain herself no longer, and cried, "Oh, Bertie *dear*, don't be so violent. You'll lose the ball if you're not careful!"

From the February of the year 1915 until early in 1918 the Princess attended drill and gymnastic classes held by the Misses Bear, at the Queen Alexandra's House Gymnasium. It is no secret to say that the hours spent at the gymnasium were some of the happiest that Princess Mary enjoyed as a girl, and she never missed a single lesson if she could help it.

A special class was formed for H.R.H. to

attend, composed of her own personal friends, among whom were Lady Elizabeth Pelham, Lady Jane Grey, Lady Alice Scott, Lady Cynthia Hamilton, Miss Victoria Bruce, and Princess Nina and Princess Xenia of Russia. But Princess Mary was not content with this, and, whenever she could, used to join in the general class at the gymnasium on Saturday mornings, and appeared to enjoy it even more than her own.

For these classes she wore the usual gymnastic dress of the College of saxe blue, with stockings to match, and white tie, belt, and shoes, and by special request she was treated exactly the same as other students.

The Queen and Queen Alexandra, and sometimes her brothers, came to see her progress, and were much interested in seeing her easy skill in rope climbing, swinging on the rings, and in her favourite exercise of all, vaulting the horse.

"What are we going to do to-day?" would be her invariable eager question on arrival, and what pleased her most was to learn that the "horse" was on the morning's programme.

At the big class the Princess took the greatest interest in all its members, and showed a marvellous memory for names and personalities. As an example of this, she was attending a charity bazaar some time ago, and noticed a girl who was selling at one of the stalls. After a moment's scrutiny the Princess went up to her, and spoke to her by name, asking her for news of the gymnasium. This was a full four years after having seen the student at the general class at the Training College.

Princess Mary was delightfully keen on her gymnastic training, taking the greatest possible pains over her carriage and deportment, and there could be no doubt about the attention with which she listened to the instructions given by the mistress. Thorough in character as ever, she was plainly out from the first to master every point, and soon by sheer perseverance came out ahead of her friends in their special class, and was the best pupil of the lot. "Look at that girl poking," she would say to her governess sometimes in the Park. "What *would* Miss Bear say if she saw her!"

At the big general class she was always tremendously amused at the junior section, which contained quite small children, "the babies," who delighted her with their serious efforts over deportment.

"The more quietly things are done, the more effectively they are accomplished," her brother, the Duke of York, said in a speech a short time ago. One cannot help wondering whether the words did not bring up a picture of his sister before his eyes, as one who so unobtrusively and yet brilliantly has fitted herself for the future.

CHAPTER III

GIRLHOOD

IT is impossible to follow the course of the Princess's young life without sooner or later being struck by the similarity that exists between the circumstances of her own upbringing and those of her Royal Mother.

We have seen how simply the Princess was brought up from her earliest babyhood, and how the little blue-eyed child was the delight of the Court, and of everyone with whom she came into contact, as she played in the gardens of Sandringham or romped with her brothers.

We look back still further to the year 1867, when Queen Mary was born, and compare the picture we have tried to paint of the young Princess Mary with that of the Princess "May," some thirty years before.

In a letter written by her mother, the Duchess of Teck, referring to her little

By permission] [*From the Princess's Collection*

WITH HER DOG HAPPY'

daughter soon after her birth, occurs this charming description: "She really is as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see. Full of life and fun and playful as a kitten, with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, quantities of fair hair, a tiny rose-bud of a mouth, a lovely complexion, pink and white, and a most perfect figure. . . . In a word, a model of a baby!"

How truly might this have been written of her grand-daughter!

"May wins all hearts by her bright face and smile," is another little sidelight thrown on the Queen at this early age, and her bringing up by the much-beloved Duchess of Teck, first at Kensington Palace and later at White Lodge, was carried out on the same simple lines upon which the Princess Mary has been educated to-day.

Queen Mary was, like her daughter again, an only sister in a family of brothers, and the same traits of motherliness, quick sympathy, and early sense of responsibility, combined with her love of the open air and interest in boys' pursuits and games, moulded her character in much the

same way as Princess Mary's has in turn been formed.

The Queen spent most of her early life at Kensington Palace, while King George was brought up chiefly at Marlborough House, and the future royal parents thus saw a good deal of each other from their earliest days.

The Duchess of Teck held very strong views about the bringing up of children, and even at that time abhorred the tendency that was creeping in of allowing children to attend all manner of social functions at unnecessarily early ages. Consequently she did not allow her only daughter to spend a great deal of time in visiting, or in excessive gaiety of any kind while she was quite young.

"A child has quite enough to do," she is said to have once written, "to learn obedience, attend to her lessons, and to grow, without many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away, and the brightness and beauty of girlhood; and these children become intolerable. There are too many grown-up children in the present." This was written in a letter to a friend who had

consulted the Duchess upon the education of her own children, knowing the soundness of the advice she would receive. And this breadth of outlook and wise counsel have been inherited by our Queen, to whom many people come for advice on the same matters.

In 1883 the Duchess and her family went abroad and lived in Florence for a time, and no doubt this is where the Princess May gained her great love of music, and her real knowledge of art, which often surprises artists, when they hear her express unexpectedly expert criticism of pictures and sculpture.

The Princess May excited great admiration in Florence, and, appearing at one of her first balls there one night, she took all hearts by storm, so exceedingly engaging was she in face and charming in manner. "An English rose," the delighted Italians called her, using exactly the same happy phrase that Mme Poincaré chose instinctively when she first saw little Princess Mary, and anticipated the opinion of the French nation many years later.

The Duchess of Teck had an ardent love

for England, and for things English, and her daughter has shared in this feeling all her life.

A lady was once being received at White Lodge, and remarked on the comfort of the chair upon which she was sitting. "Yes, my dear," said the Duchess, "British industry! That is why it is such a nice chair." It was greatly due to her and later to the Queen that the revival of interest in the manufacture of British silks took place, and Queen Mary did her very best to encourage the lace industry in Buckinghamshire, Honiton, and Ireland, and to create a demand for British china and pottery.

Upon her wedding in 1893 the Queen decreed that "all the silk shall come from England, the flannel from Wales, all the tweeds from Scotland, and every yard of lace and poplin from Ireland," and her trousseau was almost entirely of British workmanship, the exquisite wedding-dress being of hand-woven brocade, with the symbols of the Rose, the Thistle, and the Harp wonderfully intermingled in the design.

Her childhood spent amid simplicity

and economy, the Queen was early trained to interest herself in her mother's many charitable activities, and, strict though her ideas on upbringing were in one sense, the Duchess, with wise forethought, gave her daughter considerable freedom of intercourse. She allowed her to explore wide fields of literature, and to study books dealing with social problems, which led the Queen to become interested in subjects that are not usually understood or of much interest to royal princesses.

This was, of course, a very valuable education, and one by which the Queen has profited immensely, and to which she owes much of her knowledge of the problems that beset the social and economic life of the nation at the present time, and also their past history and origin.

It was when quite a girl that her interest was aroused and subsequently fostered in the London Needlework Guild, which has ever been one of her chief interests, and at which she and her mother worked unceasingly. So it followed that Queen Mary grew up as naturally and as simply as the Princess has done to-day, both mother and daughter conforming to a type

of all that is truest and best in English womanhood.

The Queen is pre-eminently a "mother" and a woman, with a complete absence of any affectation of manner or of sympathies, but with sincerity and real kindliness of heart her foremost characteristics. She is of a grave disposition, and of regal and stately carriage, and was acclaimed by the whole nation as the future Queen-Consort upon her marriage to King George.

"I want my children to learn to be unselfish," she once said.

And, "I wish every mother was as sensible and practical as Queen Mary," remarks a famous physician; for her opinion in matters affecting children's life and health are eagerly sought after by her friends.

No detail in her children's lives was too small for her to supervise, and nothing that concerned their well-being escaped her personal attention. Even the decoration of their rooms was lovingly supervised, and when she was quite young Princess Mary's bedroom was hung with charming animal paintings by a leading artist, likely

to be dear to a child's heart, and carefully chosen for her by her mother.

To-day she is the "People's Queen," and the Princess often goes with her in her visits to the cottage homes of many a manufacturing or mining district in the north, or in the thickly populated parts of south or east London. Her delightfully informal talks with the women, and her eagerness to "see the children," win all hearts, and the women recognise a "mother" almost before they curtsey to a "Queen."

Practically every year, with the exception of the four years of the war, the Royal Family makes a practice of visiting Balmoral, where they remain in residence from about the middle of August to the end of October.

It is not perhaps an exaggeration to say that the Princess loved, and still loves, the short months spent in the Highlands more than any other time of the year of strenuous public and social work. Here the Royal Family live the simplest of lives, untrammelled by excessive convention or royal etiquette, and the Princess delights in rough tweeds and stout shoes, and

the glorious heather-clad hills around Braemar.

She drives a smart pair of greys, and has even handled the ribbons of a four-in-hand with marked skill, and is constantly to be seen driving herself about the country-side.

She plays golf too—of quite a different class from that of the early practice with Prince Albert—on a private links near by, and the Princess Mary Challenge Cup, which she presented for competition among the Royal servants and members of the Household, is played for annually.

Every year there is the Gillies' Ball, and the Princess dances reels with the greatest delight, being now practically faultless in the many intricate steps.

Close by, at Mar Lodge, are the Princess Royal and Princess Maud, of whom, naturally, the Princess sees a great deal when at Balmoral, and of course there are constant picnics and motor drives and visits to the big houses in the neighbourhood, and lunch and tea are taken out on the moors and by the river in the most informal and delightful way.

The story of the original acquisition of

[*Central News.*

H.R.H. WITH HER BROTHERS AT BALMORAL.

Balmoral for the Royal Family is an interesting one, for it was in June 1842 that Queen Victoria took her first railway journey from Windsor to Paddington on the Great Western line. The Master of the Horse, who was accustomed to be responsible for the long journeys that Her Majesty habitually took by road, was most perturbed by this innovation. He proceeded to the station some time before the train was due to start and solemnly inspected the engine, just as he would have done if he had eight coach-horses under his care.

The royal coachman was no less upset, and insisted that, as a matter of form at least, he should be allowed to ride on the engine, but after some dispute he was only permitted to climb on to the pilot engine that preceded the royal train, where his scarlet livery, white gloves and wig suffered so much in the process from the soot and sparks that in those days came from the funnel, that he never again stood out for his rights as controller of her Majesty's locomotion by train.

The Queen so much enjoyed her novel experience, that she very soon gladly

entrusted herself to the railway for a much longer journey, and shortly afterwards made her first visit to Scotland, where she was so enchanted by the gorgeous scenery, and the wonderful welcome accorded her, that she decided to buy herself an estate there, and Sir James Clarke was instructed to make inquiries regarding a suitable estate. His report finally led to the Queen visiting Balmoral in '48, and deciding to buy it. The purchase was effected by the Prince Consort for the sum of £33,000, to the immense gratification of Queen Victoria, whose joy betrays itself in her diary of that time.

The property belonged in its original extent to the Farquharsons of Inverey, by whom it was sold to the Earl of Fife, and the present castle was almost entirely rebuilt by Prince Albert, as it was not nearly large enough to accommodate the Royal Family.

It stands on the right bank of the River Dee, about nine miles above Ballater and fifty miles from Aberdeen, the estate stretching over about 25,000 acres, including large tracts of hill ground. It is 926 feet above sea-level, and on a natural

platform that slopes gently down from the base of Craig Gowan (1,437 feet) to the margin of the Dee, with the most glorious views on every side.

Prince Albert built on two separate blocks of buildings, joined by wings, with a massive granite tower, and in the distance Balmoral Castle looks as if it were hewn out of the parent rock surrounding it.

CHAPTER IV

ROYALTY IN BEING

THE title of Princess Royal of England, which is, of course, usually borne by the eldest daughter of the Sovereign, is not enjoyed by Princess Mary, as by Royal Warrant dated 1905 it was bestowed upon her aunt the Princess Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Fife.

Princess Mary, therefore, bears the title of "Royal Highness," which until latterly used to be borne by all the children, brothers and sisters, and paternal uncles and aunts of the Sovereign, and was even yet further conferred upon the grandchildren within certain defined limits.

But when the King adopted the family name of Windsor by Proclamation dated 1917, he also stated that there would be certain restrictions concerning the style and title of "Royal Highness," and that in future it would be confined to the children of the Sovereign and to the grandchildren in the male line only, while the titles

"Prince and Princess" should be limited to the same degrees.

Princess Mary and the Princes of the Blood Royal wear coronets when in full state, those of the younger Princes differing from that of the Prince of Wales in the absence of the surmounting arch with its orb, the place of the latter being supplied, as is the case with coronets generally, by a golden tassel to the cap.

The coronets of the Princesses of the Blood Royal vary again from these, in the presence of two strawberry leaves in place of two of the four crosses-patée, whilst Princes and Princesses of "the Blood" have strawberry leaves in place of all four of the fleurs-de-lis.

Her Royal Highness Princess Mary takes precedence after the Queen and the Queen-Mother, but whenever the Prince of Wales marries, his wife, as consort of the Heir-Apparent, will of course precede his sister.

It is not perhaps generally known that the Princess's Coat of Arms was registered at the Herald's College on March 31st, 1921. The Arms are the Royal Arms, and in

heraldic language are "differenced" by a label of three points, bearing a red cross on a white ground. The same labels appear on the Supporters, the Lion and the Unicorn, and the crest surmounting the device is the Princess's coronet, which has just been described.

Like the Arms of the Queen, those of the Princess bear no motto, for no woman, with the exception of a reigning Queen, has the right to a motto on her Coat of Arms.

Her Royal Highness came into her private income on attaining her majority in May 1918, which is the usual rule in the case of Princesses of the Royal House, unless they are married before reaching that age.

So much for the formal attributes of royalty with which our Princess is surrounded.

For the greater part of the year the Royal Family are in residence at Buckingham Palace; Windsor claims them generally for Easter, and for Ascot week in June, and Balmoral in the early autumn. To York Cottage they frequently go for

Christmas and during the spring; but, since King Edward's death, Buckingham Palace has always been the Princess's London home, and there she has spent a considerable portion of her life.

It was not very long ago that a leading weekly paper drew attention to the fact that in a corner of the grounds of the Palace still stands an ancient mulberry tree that is reputed to have been planted there nearly four hundred years ago. This allusion revives many old memories, most of them doubtless long forgotten. In the time of the Stuarts the site on which the Palace now stands was known as the Mulberry Garden, not a garden in the centre of a crowded metropolis as it is to-day, but almost a garden within a garden, in the days when green fields sloped to the village of Kensing, and the game of pall-mall used to be eagerly played in the green alley a little to the south of our tumultuous twentieth-century Piccadilly.

King James I indulged a very pleasant whim when he ascended the throne, and decided to encourage the growth and manufacture of British silks, to act as

a source of revenue. By his orders thousands of young mulberry trees were imported into England, and many ship-loads were planted round the city, the leaves of which, as it is not difficult to guess, were destined to form the food of the productive silk-worm.

Then the King gave by patent to Walter, Lord Aston, the charge of "the Mulberry Garden near St. James's," and waited for the success of his scheme to mature.

However, all the efforts of Lord Aston and the silk-worm experts failed, and the garden became a fashionable resort, or, as Samuel Pepys says, "a silly place, with a wilderness somewhat pretty." Later it became rather more of a public recreation ground, though the rank and fashion of the time still frequented it, and it maintained its original royal patronage. We learn from John Evelyn that it was "the best place about the towne for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at," and with that reputation we leave the Mulberry Garden, and soon find the builders' hands laying hold upon it. Arlington House came to be built on its southern borders, and was the residence of

Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who may be remembered as one of the famous "Cabal" Ministry under Charles II. He was the man who is reputed to have brought in from Holland the first pound of tea that was ever imported into England, and we may reasonably suppose that the first cup of tea ever made in this country was drunk with due solemnity where Buckingham Palace now stands. The packet cost the Earl a good sixty shillings, which in those days was a sum of considerably more value than obtains in the twentieth century.

Arlington House was eventually demolished in the year following the accession of Queen Anne, and the site changed hands, being bought by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who built upon it a red brick mansion, and from him the present palace takes its name.

But it was not until the reign of George III that the house came in for royal approbation, when the King bought it for £21,000 the year after he came to the throne, and, removing from St. James's Palace, took up his residence there with his court, and it was in Bucking-

ham Palace, as it now became, that all his numerous family were born, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

In 1775 the property was legally settled by Act of Parliament upon Queen Charlotte, in exchange for Somerset House, and became known in Society vernacular as the "Queen's House," much as to-day in royal slang it is called "Buck House" for short.

It was not, however, until fifty years had elapsed that the present structure was begun from the design of John Nash, and by the command of George IV. But William IV could not bear it; he disliked both the building and the situation, and would not live there, so that only when Queen Victoria came to the throne did the Palace once more become the accredited royal residence in London, and it was at that time a common *bon mot* that as a palace it was the cheapest in the world, being "built for one sovereign, and furnished for another." Many improvements were eventually made in the building, after the Queen's accession, both inside and out, and a private chapel was

built, which was duly consecrated in 1843.

The famous Marble Arch then stood in front of the central east entrance, and was not removed to the north-east corner of Hyde Park until 1851, where it now stands derelict, overshadowed by the immense block of flats that almost dwarf it into insignificance, and robbed of both its former use as a royal gateway and of its commanding situation before the Palace.

The grounds of Buckingham Palace extend over about forty acres, about five of which are occupied by a miniature lake; there is a splendid hard lawn-tennis court, and in a corner of the estate stand the royal mews and a riding-school, of which latter advantage the Princess and her brothers are not slow to avail themselves.

But palaces and thrones do not rob simple natures of their simplicity, nor do etiquette and ceremonial render Royalty any less human, or less subject to the sorrows and joys that fall to the lot of humbler folk.

> "What have Kings that privates have not too,
> Save ceremony, save general ceremony?"

says Shakespeare feelingly, and this is a fact that people are now beginning to realise, when so much is written about the Royal Family of to-day in the public press, and when they do so much in person for the benefit of their subjects.

So it is that, although the Princess has been accustomed from babyhood to Court etiquette and all that it entails, yet she has been brought up in the most simple manner possible, and is as natural as any other well-born English girl of her own age in Society.

When she was only twelve she attended her first public function, accompanying King Edward and the Prince of Wales to the opening of the Victoria and Albert Museum. But the first great state occasion at which she appeared was that of the Coronation of the King and Queen at Westminster Abbey in 1911, and it is recorded that when Queen Alexandra first heard that the four Princes and the Princess were to drive unattended in one of the state carriages in the Royal Procession, she shook her head in premonition, knowing the high spirits of her grandchildren, which the excitement of

the day's events was not likely to subdue.

Princess Mary was early astir that eventful morning, and when later on she was dressed in her coronation robes of pale blue velvet, with an ermine train, and her coronet upon her head, she did not delay to look at herself in the glass, as she might well have done with pardonable pride, but hurried off to show herself in her unaccustomed splendour to her special favourites in the royal household.

The royal children drove through the streets in the state carriage—the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary on the back seat, and Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Prince George sitting together opposite them. Little Prince John was wisely considered too young to be present.

The story goes that they put Prince George under the seat of the carriage before they eventually reached the Palace on the return journey from the Abbey, in order to make more room, but however that may be, it was certainly not long after the procession had started on the lengthy route that the smaller Princes began to nudge each other with joy

over the dignified bearing of their brother and sister, who were behaving themselves with admirable propriety before the dense crowds of onlookers that lined the streets.

The Princess soon became very shocked as matters grew worse, and sharply remonstrated with her unruly small brothers; but her words were totally unheeded, and it was soon obvious that at any moment the obstreperous three might land in a heap on the floor of the carriage.

At last the Princess reached forward and firmly separated them and sat them up in their seats. She lost her coronet in the effort, which was not surprising; but the Prince of Wales picked it up, and she calmly replaced it upon her head, while the quintette proceeded for the rest of the procession in a state of rather greater harmony.

At the Coronation itself she was in many ways at once the most delightful and pathetic figure in all that wonderful assembly. Although no more than fourteen, she had to make her entrance into the Abbey independently, followed only by her ladies and pages, and cover what must have seemed an immense distance between

the Annexe and her place on the dais, under thousands of critical eyes. People who perhaps find it shy work to come late into church or a crowded lecture can imagine what a measure of self-command was required, but the slight girlish figure, with the golden hair and unaffectedly composed expression, left, writes one who stood very close to her, an indelible impression.

However, when they left the Abbey, even Princess Mary herself forgot her dignity, for outside Prince George spied a goat, the mascot of a regiment posted on duty there, and all washed and combed in honour of the occasion. The royal children were delighted at this, and the five heads all peered out of the carriage, whilst the crowds cheered to the echo, loving them for their perfectly natural and unaffected simplicity.

The young Princess soon had to learn to take a more frequent part in these formal ceremonies, and several times appeared in the summer of 1911, when the King and Queen had to attend many functions that followed their coronation.

She was seated one day opposite her

parents in their carriage, when for two hours they were driven through the streets of London, bowing and smiling to enthusiastic crowds. At last the little Princess could bear it no longer, and, rather pale, she sat still and ceased to bow, with a mute expression on her face, betokening that she really considered she had done her duty. But her mother, leaning forward, whispered something to her, and the Princess was seen to start bowing and smiling her thanks once more to the cheering populace. The little episode serves to show that there is much in the education of a princess that causes real mental and physical effort, when fatigue is allowed to play no part in affairs of Court or State.

In the summer of 1912 it was officially announced that in the month of August the Princess, then in her sixteenth year, would accompany the Queen on a week's visit to Germany, where she was to be the guest of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Princess Mary was greatly delighted at this, her first experience of foreign travel, and was not a little elated that she should be chosen to go abroad even before her

[Campbell Gray

IN CORONATION ROBES, 1911

eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, who had not been on the Continent himself at such an early age, for it was not until the spring of the same year, at the age of eighteen, that he had proceeded to Paris upon the conclusion of his cruise in H.M.S. *Hindustan.*

The Princess spent several days sight-seeing, and, in the absence of Sir Edward Goschen, then British Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, Lord Granville was deputed to do the honours of the capital, and showed Her Royal Highness more of Berlin in the seven hours at his disposal than most people are able to see in three days!

The Princess thoroughly enjoyed her visit, and when taken to Potsdam to see the "New" Palace, told one of the company in faultless German that she had seldom seen anything quite so lovely as the Palace and the gardens.

In April 1918 the Princess came of age, but owing, of course, to the war, there was no special celebration of the event, and it was robbed of all its anticipated festivities. Even the usual royal salutes were not fired, no bells were rung, and a quiet lunch at the Castle at Windsor, at

which both Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were present, was about the only formal recognition of the day. The Princess, of course, received several lovely "twenty-first birthday" presents, amongst them a pearl necklace from the Prince of Wales, and she also had any number of congratulatory telegrams.

That from the Lord Mayor of London seemed rather to sum up the occasion, for he wired:

"While it is to be deplored that so interesting an event as your coming of age happens in the midst of a great world war, you will be able with lasting satisfaction to look back upon this time, when, in every possible way, you helped to forward all these important schemes of charity and philanthropy in which their Majesties took such deep personal concern."

In August of the same year she acquired military rank, the King being pleased to approve of her appointment as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots (the Lothian Regiment), a famous regiment whose last association with the Royal Family had been in the days of Waterloo, when the Duke of Kent was its Colonel-in-Chief.

The 1st Foot, to give it an old title, claims the unique distinction of being the oldest regiment in the British Army, and was originally "The Scottish Guard" of the Kings of France, probably a body of archers formed in the tenth century and constantly recruited from Scotland. In 1625 it was sent to England to attend the coronation of King Charles I, and revisited it later to fight against the Parliamentary Forces, being constituted a regiment of the British Army in the year 1633, when on the Restoration it came permanently to England and was named the 1st Royal Regiment.

The Queen is Colonel-in-Chief of the 18th Hussars, and there are several other feminine members of the Royal Family who have specially identified themselves with other famous corps: Queen Alexandra, who was Colonel-in-Chief of the 19th Hussars, who have lately been disbanded; the Princess Royal, of the 7th Dragoon Guards; the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; and Princess Patricia of Connaught—or rather the Lady Patricia Ramsay, as she chose to be called on her

marriage—has for her own regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

Princess Mary has always evinced particular interest and affection for her loyal Scotsmen, and two or three months after her official appointment she was early in the morning at Cannon Street Station to welcome home returned prisoners of war and definitely show her connection with the Army. She was joined on the platform at noon by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Connaught, and the Royal party spent some time talking to the men, while the Princess asked specially after those of her own regiment. Eye-witnesses saw that she was much moved at hearing of the hardships they had undergone, and that their condition was not much worse than was actually the case, they ascribed to the kindness of the Belgian people, for the full train-loads, comprising about 1,500 men, had mostly returned from behind the German lines in Flanders and France, though some had filtered through from Germany itself, and a few from as far as Bulgaria, by way of Italy.

On the occasion of a memorial service

at St. Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh in June of the following year, when the Colours of the 1st and 7th Battalions of the King's Own Scottish Borderers were handed over to the Cathedral for safe and honoured keeping, there were present at a luncheon which followed, representatives of the 1st Royal Scots and the Lothian and Border Horse, who had just returned from abroad. It was on this occasion that General Sir William Douglas read a telegram from the Princess, in which she said, "On your return from the Army of the Middle East, I wish to offer you a most hearty welcome, and assure you how proud I am of the magnificent way you have upheld the great traditions of the Royal Scots.—Mary, Colonel-in-Chief." Visiting Edinburgh soon afterwards, she inspected the 1st Battalion at Retford Barracks, and held an investiture ceremony there of a quite private character, when she bestowed many war decorations upon officers and men of the battalion before their departure for India.

In November 1919 a cadre of the 11th Royal Scots, just arrived from their station on the Rhine, were entertained to

luncheon by the Corporation of Edinburgh, and again the Princess definitely associated herself with the Royal Regiment, when she wrote the following message, which was read by General Sir Francis Davies on that occasion: "As Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, I offer my greetings on your return home after four and a half years of service in the war. Yours was the first Service Battalion to be raised in our regiment in August 1914. Since the following May, until the end of hostilities, you were in the fighting line, and by your conduct added honour and distinction to the Royal Scots. I hope you will soon be restored to your homes and your families, and I wish good luck and prosperity to you.—Mary."

But it must not be supposed for a moment that the affection is all on one side. The regiment adores the Princess, and a message of loyal and affectionate greeting was received by her in June 1920, on the occasion of the annual reunion dinner of the old "First Royals," when at the head of the table, under the honour-decorated Colours of the 2nd Battalion, presided Lt.-General Sir E. H. Altham,

with veterans of every war around him, since and including the Crimea.

The Royal Scots never forget and are never forgotten by their youthful Colonel-in-Chief, who loves to give them their new pipe banners, and send them bunches of white heather picked on the hills around Balmoral, to remind them of their homes in the Highlands.

CHAPTER V

WAR WORK AT HOME

WHEN the Great War broke out in 1914, Princess Mary was just seventeen years old, and in the ordinary course of events, following well-established precedent, should have taken her place in the Royal circle, on the occasion of the first Court after her eighteenth birthday in May 1915.

But the war, of course, put an end to all such state functions, and consequently the Princess formally made her début at a considerably later age than is customary for Royal Princesses to do.

In her especial honour, therefore, an evening Court was held at Buckingham Palace on June 10th, 1920, the first function of that nature to be held for six years. It was a brilliant sight, though shorn of a good deal of pre-war magnificence by the abolition of full State dress for the ladies attending, for feathers and veils and the regulation court trains were

dispensed with by Royal sanction. After this, the Princess's place at Court and in Society was formally established.

Her first public Appeal made in her own name was that issued in November 1914, when she put into motion an idea that had for some time been in her mind, which was to send a Christmas present to every man serving in H.M. forces at the front, either ashore or afloat.

The appeal, which was dated November 16th, 1914, ran as follows:

"For many weeks we have all been greatly concerned for the welfare of the sailors and soldiers who are so gallantly fighting our battles by sea and land. Our first consideration has been to meet their more pressing needs, and I have delayed making known a wish that has long been in my heart for fear of encroaching on other funds, the claims of which have been more urgent. I want you all now to help me to send a Christmas present from the whole nation to every sailor afloat and every soldier at the front. On Christmas Eve, when, like the shepherds of old, they keep their watch, doubtless their thoughts

will turn to home and loved ones left behind, and perhaps, too, they will recall days when, as children themselves, they were wont to hang out their stockings, wondering what the morrow had in store. I am sure that we should all be the happier to feel that we had helped to send our little token of love and sympathy on Christmas morning—something that would be useful and of permanent value, and the making of which may be the means of providing employment for trades adversely affected by the war. Could there be anything more likely to hearten them in their struggle than a present received straight from home on Christmas Day? Please will you help me?

Mary.

A Committee was soon formed, £100,000 was asked for and obtained, and the gift took the form of a brass box of tobacco or cigarettes, a pipe, and a tinder lighter. The Indian troops were sent sweets instead of tobacco or cigarettes. The box bore on the lid a medallion depicting the Princess's own portrait, and the inscrip-

tion – Imperium Britannicum—with the names of the Allied nations.

There was also a charming little Christmas card enclosed with each box, on which was printed "From the Princess Mary and Friends at Home," and on the other side, "With best wishes for a happy Christmas and a victorious New Year." The presents were much appreciated, and are treasured in many homes in England to-day.

The story is told that in the fierce fighting at Givenchy, a private in the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards was struck by a bullet right over the heart, but the Princess's box was in his left-hand breast-pocket and deflected it, so that he escaped unhurt.

Later, however, he was again wounded in the eye, and was eventually sent to an English hospital. The Matron forwarded the box and the bullet that struck it to the Princess, and a letter was received from Windsor stating that her Royal Highness was delighted to hear that Private Brabston was safe, and added that "the box had been shown to their Majesties, who hope that Private Brabston will soon recover from his wounds."

In 1917 the Princess made her first official appearance as deputy for the Queen, at a concert and variety entertainment arranged by the Duchess of Wellington for the benefit of the Mesopotamia Comforts Fund. Her Royal Highness looked very shy as she took her Majesty's place in the front row of the chairs placed in the long picture gallery at Apsley House, but her charming and blushing confusion at the ordeal endeared her to everyone present, and from this date we find the Queen constantly bringing her daughter to the fore, and encouraging her to take her share in the patronage of war charities and other public functions.

In July of the same year she visited the Star and Garter Hospital for totally disabled men at Richmond, attended by Lady Bertha Dawkins and Sir Edward Wallington. This was the occasion of the first exhibition of work entirely done by the men, and over 200 examples of their handicraft were displayed in a pavilion on the terrace. The crowds, looking out over that wonderful reach of the Thames, recalled the old gay days of the past, when the terrace was crowded with men and

women full of the joy of life. Now it told a very different tale, as men in their wheeled chairs, supporting themselves on crutches or lying on couches, bore silent witness of the fact that they had given of their best in their country's service.

At the invitation of Sir Frederick Treves, acting on the suggestion of Sir Arthur Stanley, of the Red Cross, Princess Mary presented badges to those whose work for the hospital had been of exceptional value.

The badges were of a simple and beautiful design, showing the figure of Mercy tending the helpless, with a suggestion of a Red Cross in the background.

The work displayed by the wounded men was wonderful. Regimental badges and crests were, of course, in the predominance, and very often noticeable in the embroidery of table centres, tray cloths, cushions, and baskets. The Princess bought several articles, and ordered a set of miniature raffia dolls' hats from a former bandsman of the Royal Sussex regiment, who had been wounded at Mons. He was remarkably clever with miniature basket-work, and had made several sets of dolls' house furniture, and had many

orders on hand to occupy his time. He was, of course, delighted to add the Princess's commission to his list.

Another patient, who had been terribly injured at St. Eloi, told Sir Frederick Treves that he had been employed in a big firm of West End cleaners before the war, and that he had often had the gloves belonging to the Princess entrusted to his careful treatment. Sir Frederick mentioned this to Her Royal Highness, who at once went across to talk to him.

One man was engaged in watch repairing, and a local tradesman was generously instructing him in the trade. Two others, one a Canadian, were specialising in salmon flies and tying the most intricate examples of the art. They presented a perfect specimen to the Princess, mounted in gold, which she was delighted to accept, as she has inherited all her Royal father's keenness for the sport.

A wonderful piece of embroidery by a corporal in the Dorsets attracted her very much—a spray of mimosa embroidered upon black and mounted as a screen—and she took a very great interest in all she saw, while the men were delighted with

their Princess, whose sweet face and charming sympathetic manner made quick way to their hearts.

On the occasion of the Queen's visit, in the autumn of the same year, to the Municipal Kitchen at Hammersmith, Princess Mary accompanied her to see the kitchens, which had been improvised in a large swimming-bath, the baths being boarded over, and the meals prepared and served in the building. There were two batteries of ovens, and also gas for roasting and baking ovens, while six gas-heated boilers were installed, each to hold thirty gallons of soup. The whole organisation was run on big and efficient lines, and the Queen and the Princess were much interested to see the way in which all the details of cooking and serving were arranged.

Something like five thousand meals a day were prepared in portions of exactly the same size, which puzzled the Princess, until she was shown how the meat was minced carefully through an electric mincer, and so apportioned, and how there was a measured rule for cutting up the boiled puddings.

At one of the depots her Majesty herself took her place behind the huge pile of mutton pies, and the Princess served 360 portions of syrup roll and apple pudding, and had a waiting queue of many little children, clasping their pennies and handing up saucers or bits of paper for their portions.

During the following year—1918—the Princess worked harder than anyone has any idea of, for not only did she start her hospital training in the early spring, but she also went to France to make her tour of the V.A.D. and Q.M.A.A.C. camps, and was occupied with a ceaseless round of official duties.

Early in the year we find her present at the "Old Vic," at a dramatic display given by members of the clubs affiliated to the National Organisations of Girls' Clubs, which has to-day grown into such a strong and well-organised society. Received by Sir Donald Maclean and others, she took great interest in the display, particularly in the ambulance and first-aid demonstrations, having, as she said, so lately gone through the course herself.

In May Her Royal Highness consented

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ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA"

to open a new orthopædic department at the King Edward VII Hospital at Windsor, which had been erected by the British Red Cross Society for the special treatment of wounded soldiers. After passing through the lines of V.A.D. workers and patients, she formally declared the building open, and then proceeded to inspect the equipment, while the Matron explained to her the various uses of the apparatus. The Princess went all over the hospital, speaking to the Sisters in charge of each ward, and was later photographed in the centre of a group of V.A.D.'s and wounded men, which gave immense pleasure to them all.

It was in the spring of 1918 also that the Princess definitely showed her interest in the Women's Land Army, when she journeyed to Cambridge to present badges and chevrons to the land workers. Here one hundred members of the W.L.A. of Cambridge and seven hundred village workers gathered to welcome her, and to present her with a model plough carved in British oak, a truly national present for a national Princess.

It was also on this occasion that a little

milkmaid of thirteen, who for the past year had milked seven cows daily both before and after her school lessons, presented the Princess with a country posy.

The Land Girls claim to be the Corps to which the Princess addressed her first speech, but this is stoutly contested by the Q.M.A.A.C.'s, who base their assertion on the historic concert at Rouen, to which reference is made in another chapter.

The Princess did make, at any rate, one of her earliest speeches on the occasion of the disbanding of the Land Army, when she came to the Drapers' Hall, Throgmorton Street, in November, 1919, to present the Distinguished Service Bar to several of its members. The scene was picturesque in the extreme, the girls in their white overalls, corduroy breeches, and high boots, with cheeks reddened by the sun and wind, and happy jolly faces, seeming the embodiment of country health and spirits. Each girl had a crimson carnation in her buttonhole, and all wore the sleeve badge of the Land Army. The Lady Mayoress lent them the flowered wands that had been used for the Lord Mayor's Show, and with these they made an avenue under which

the Princess walked as if she was in the country indeed.

When she took her place on the platform, the girls sang "Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads, and away to the maypole hie," and the whole effect was most charming and greatly delighted the Princess.

Miss Meriel Talbot then read out the reasons for the various awards, after which the Princess pinned the bars to the white overalls of the girls as they came up, speaking to each one in turn, and giving a specially long handshake to those who had saved the lives of their horses, or had won the medal or certificate of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Then the Princess made her speech: "I am delighted to have been able to come here this evening to present Distinguished Service Bars to members of the Land Army. The war work of the women and girls of Great Britain will always be gratefully remembered by their King and country.

"I have watched with much interest the origin and growth of the Land Army, and to-day I realise more than ever all that it

has accomplished and what skill and courage have on many occasions been displayed by its members. I am glad to know that although the Women's Land Army is to be demobilised, an association is being formed to carry on its tradition among all women landworkers.

"I congratulate the President of the Board of Agriculture, and the Women's branch on the work they have done, and I wish you all every happiness in the future. To the Master and Wardens of the Drapers' Company I offer, on behalf of you all, most grateful thanks for the generous hospitality shown to us here to-day."

This admirable little speech received a tremendous ovation, and later in the evening Princess Mary dined in a delightfully informal manner with the girls, who afterwards entertained her with a concert.

One of the greatest interests in the Princess's life is her work in connection with Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild, of which both her mother and her grandmother were the prime organisers.

It was the Duchess of Teck's chief charity during the latter years of her life, with a view to distributing clothing,

household linen, and any articles suitable for the sick and poor, among hospitals, nursing institutions, missions, refugees, and parishes in London, and is open to men, women, and children of all classes and denominations.

In the war the activities of the Guild were increased a thousandfold, and branches sprang up in every direction, with the principal object of providing necessities for hospitals at home and abroad, and not only clothing, but the making of bandages, padded splints, and dressings were undertaken.

When her mother died, the Queen at once took over the affairs of the Guild, and has never since failed in her keen interest in the work entailed, while thousands of poor people are supplied with warm garments year after year.

Without the Queen's personal efforts it is doubtful if the scheme would ever have grown to the dimensions it has assumed to-day. It was not merely a question of "giving her patronage," but one of real hard work, and a lady who used to help at White Lodge in the old days, gives a graphic account of the Queen's energy, and makes

one realise how thoroughly she entered not only into the spirit, but into the actual labour involved. "As Princess May," writes this lady, "her Majesty fetched and carried armfuls of clothing to the great room in the basement of White Lodge. One day a huge bale of blankets was expected, and the Princess said to one of the helpers, 'Come up with me to the corridor and see if it has arrived.' Sure enough the great bale was there, but some thirty feet from the stairway. In a moment the Princess had taken hold of the fore end, and, calling to the helper to 'catch hold of that corner,' the two soon dragged the bale to the top of the stairs, and with much vigorous pushing sent it lumbering and thumping down the stairway, till with a final thud it landed near the desired haven. Then with a laugh of satisfaction at the success of their efforts, the Princess ran down the stairs and began cutting at the cord-sewn wrapper until the blankets were reached."

At that time the parcels that were sent in by members of the Guild were nearly all directed to her Majesty personally, and she used to make a great point of going to the

Imperial Institute every year to see them unpacked, checked, and finally sorted for distribution.

In 1911 she even presided over their annual function as Queen, and set to work in apron and gloves, and with a big pair of scissors hanging from her belt, to open parcels and look through their contents. Then she would take up her position at a small table and write and check and note all the various details.

In that year Princess Mary appears on the lists as a Vice-President, with a collection of 700 garments to her credit, a good contribution indeed for a child of thirteen. Even the Prince of Wales had begun as a little boy to make woolly co nforters on a round frame, and sent in a hundred articles.

Among the many delightful stories of the recipients of these warm comforts, one of an old flower-seller is too good to suffer by repetition.

She was given a parcel of warm things one winter, and the lady who gave them out explained that they were not from her personally, but really the gift of the Princess of Wales.

Sometime afterwards the lady saw the

flower-seller by the curb, and stopped to ask her how she was getting on.

"Me back's not so bad," was the hearty reply. "And them knickers, they are bootiful and warm. Every mornin' I puts 'em on, 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' I sez. P'r'aps I ought to say 'Princess,' but the other comes more natural like."

The Princess Mary and her mother are still very interested in the Guild, and collect immense quantities of garments every year, and in 1921, for the first time on record, the Princess's collection reached a bigger total than the Queen's.

In 1917 Lady Ampthill, Chairman of the Women's V.A.D. Committee of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John, after consultation with the Queen, and to the great delight of the Princess, formed a Voluntary Aid Detachment at Buckingham Palace, composed of the Princess Mary as Commandant, Lady Grey as Assistant Commandant, and about thirty of the Princess's friends as members. They went through a course of First Aid lectures under Sir James Cantlie, meeting twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, at the Palace.

Later they took the advanced Home Nursing course, and were strictly examined in both, Princess Mary passing very high in the practical as well as the theoretical subjects.

For some time she and other members of the Detachment worked at Devonshire House, the Headquarters of the V.A.D. Organisation, the Princess devoting a certain amount of time to each department, in order to obtain a complete knowledge of the organisation generally. After having thoroughly grasped the system, she finally took up her place in the section dealing with the papers of nurses, motorists, and General Service V.A.D.'s going abroad, officially known as the Allocation Department.

Here she was kept busy whenever she had time to slip across from the Palace, though when she took up nursing in good earnest at the Children's Hospital her time was much more limited, and her clerical work at Devonshire House had to give way to her hospital duties.

The Green Cross Corps, originally known as the "Women's Reserve Ambulance," was founded in June 1915, having for its

object the training and discipline of a band of voluntary workers, to do any and every odd job, so long as it "helped the war," and to utilise any woman's spare time, no matter how little it was, or at what hour she could give it.

The Corps has the honour of being the first Women's Corps to be inspected by the Queen in the war, and it was a great occasion when, by special permission, the inspection took place at Wellington Barracks, and her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Mary, reviewed its members.

Mrs. Beatty, C.B.E., was Commandant-in-Chief, and received the Queen, who graciously signified her approval of the aims of the Corps, and expressed the hope that it would continue as an organisation after the war. It was to endeavour to carry out this wish that a definite scheme was drawn up when peace came, and the life of the Corps is being continued with great success.

It was another great event when, on June 5th, 1920, Princess Mary went to Guildford Street, the headquarters of the Corps, and the site of the new club, to open the premises. She was received by a

guard of honour of uniformed members, stretching from the carriage door to the platform in the Common Room, where the opening speeches were made.

After the presentation of Governors, Officers, Chief Section Leaders and Section Leaders, the Princess inspected the various rooms, and showed a keen interest in everything.

Upon one occasion the Princess visited Fleet Street, and opened the City Women's Club at No. 9 Wine Office Court.

She was much interested in the historical associations of the Court, for at No. 6 Oliver Goldsmith lived for some years, eking out a precarious living by writing for the booksellers. It is here that he is supposed to have written part of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and one cannot help wondering whether he did not get suggestions for his characters while sitting in the famous Cheshire Cheese, the old inn a little further down the Court. Here he probably watched one, if not more, of the simple country parsons, with their round-eyed sons, listening with credulous open mouths to many a foolish theory of philosophy and learning

expounded to them at length by swindling rogues. Here, too, Dr. Johnson hung up his cocked hat, and the two would face each other across the old table, in the little room with the sanded floor, and order their bowl of punch and good lark pie of ancient fame.

Wine Office Court is supposed to have received its name from an office there where licences to sell wine were formally issued, and the Princess could not leave it without being shown all over the "little lop-sided, wedged-up house, that always reminds you, structurally, of a high-shouldered man with his hands in his pockets," and the Cheshire Cheese was certainly a delight to her. Although the old grey parrot, which was brought out specially for her to see, would not condescend to speak even at the bidding of royalty, disappointment was made up by the presentation to her of an old gold spoon, dated 1667, which was the year in which the inn was rebuilt after the Great Fire.

When the Court was in residence at Windsor, the Princess felt rather cut off from her numerous London activities;

but, not to be outdone, she at once threw herself into canteen work.

About twenty ladies from Windsor, with Mrs. Carteret Carey as their Commandant, undertook to work twice a week at a canteen in a munition factory at Hayes, and the Princess at once volunteered to help whenever it was possible to attend. She served behind the counter with the other helpers, and took her share "behind the scenes," washing up and drying the innumerable plates and knives and forks. Only those who have done canteen work themselves know how monotonous this job can be, and how very trying it is to hands that have not been accustomed to long hours in boiling soda and water. But the Princess was indefatigable as ever, and refused to be treated in any way different from the other workers, doing the jobs that came to hand cheerfully and with her usual thoroughness.

There was one old woman who used to work there, who one day brought a quantity of bits of old brocades and silks to show the Princess. She had been for years with Mme Frederick, the well-known modiste, and had collected these scraps of gorgeous stuff from the various Court

trains worn by the Queen at numerous State functions.

The Princess was much interested in the old woman's collection, and said at once, "I do hope you have shown them to Mamma," for the Queen had been round the munitions works and the canteen only a short time previously.

But the old woman shook her head sadly, and replied: "No, ma'am, the Queen came by so suddenly that she took me at 'the non plus'!" which delightful remark became historic ever afterwards among the workers, and even now the Princess asks after "the non plus" when talking over the old days at the canteen.

She worked off and on at Hayes from 1916 to 1918, and during the time she was there, the munition girls, for whose benefit the canteen was run, made and presented her with a special shell. Her Royal Highness was, of course, immensely popular with them all, and there used to be great competition among them to be served by the Princess.

She used always to try to look after an old man of ninety-seven, who made boxes for the factory in which the munitions were

packed. He remembered the days when he had been one of the men to erect the special landing-stage for the reception of Queen Alexandra, when she came to England as a bride-elect in 1863.

Princess Mary used to serve the old man herself, and he was never tired of telling her this story, and always ended up with, "My kind respects to the King . . ." before he went back to his carpenter's bench.

In June 1920 Princess Mary had quite a novel little function to perform. This was the starting of the new fire engine at Windsor—the "Princess Mary," the old original engine having been started twenty-five years previously by the Princess Beatrice, and named after her. The chief officer of the brigade, Captain Hall, who for thirty years had done voluntary service, was presented to the Princess, and explained the working of the engine to her before she started it.

One could go on at indefinite length enumerating the tremendous number of war charities in which the Princess interested herself at an age when most

girls are full of the joy of life, and loving every moment of the amusements of all kinds which were not entirely denied to débutantes even during the war. People do not always realise the exacting nature of the duty she so cheerfully undertook in connection with these organisations, a duty which gave heart to various enterprises, and helped the organisers more than she herself knew.

She was only just twenty-two, and the list of the public functions she attended in six months at this time, every one with direct bearing on the terrible effects of war, and the means that were being taken to avert them, might have appalled the most energetic of workers.

Only a few incidents, taken almost at random, have been touched on here, but the memory of the Princess, always charmingly sympathetic and ready to help wherever she was most wanted, is in the hearts of thousands.

CHAPTER VI

AS A HOSPITAL NURSE, 1918–20

IT was not surprising that, when the opportunity offered for the Princess to take a practical share in war work, her thoughts and inclinations should at once turn towards the nursing profession.

Ever since she had been quite small, she had always shown a very great interest in nursing, and more than once had declared that, if she had had her way, and had been able to gratify her own personal desires in the matter, she would have taken it up in real earnest and fully qualified herself as a hospital Sister.

But interest and theoretical knowledge, however sound, do not ever wholly satisfy a keen spirit, and in 1918 she was able to gratify her dearest wish—that she should enter a hospital and do regular work as an ordinary nurse.

The Queen was only too glad that she should do this, for she had encouraged her daughter to read and understand

medical and nursing subjects ever since the time she had evinced so much real intelligence and comprehension of the subject. Moreover, the King—a fact not generally known, though the profession is the first to admit it—has a real and much more than superficial knowledge of medicine, so that he was also able to help the Princess in her studies.

In any case, the Queen decided that, as soon as the young Princess reached the age of twenty-one, she should enter the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London, which for so long had been under the especial patronage of nearly every member of the Royal Family.

The first children's hospital in the United Kingdom was not founded until the year 1850, when an old house in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, was bought, and formed the nucleus of the splendid structure that has now become such a wonderful institution, and of such wide-reaching fame, claiming in 1921 the Prince of Wales as its President. At the time of the hospital's foundation, Queen Victoria was a young mother, with children of her own growing up. The

idea of a special hospital, with a medical and surgical staff devoting itself to the cure of the diseases of child-life, made a great appeal to her, and she at once subscribed liberally, and became the first patron of the hospital.

Lord Shaftesbury, whose love and subsequent legislation for the benefit of overworked children is too well known to need comment here, became President, and Charles Dickens, that ever-ready friend of "Tiny Tims," gave his hearty support to the scheme. So in ten years from the inception of the idea, the Hospital for Children in Great Ormond Street opened its doors to admit its first little patients.

From that date the hospital steadily grew, and from a single house holding ten beds, it now covers about two acres of land, and its Out-Patients' and Special Departments are capable of giving at least 100,000 attendances a year. There are also branch hospitals at Highgate and Broadstairs, but further expansion is still necessary, and the authorities are longing to be able to put into operation a scheme for the building of a Children's Hospital Garden Village on the Buckinghamshire

hills, where country air and bracing surroundings will be available for the poor little convalescent patients, who want Nature's treatment of the out-of-doors more than anything else, after life in London, and some of its narrow, badly ventilated streets.

It was to this hospital then that Princess Mary decided to give her sympathy, her time, and her work, and it was here she was welcomed as a "probationer" early in June of 1918. As Patrons of the hospital, their Majesties the King and Queen, and her Majesty Queen Alexandra, had been frequent visitors to Great Ormond Street for many years, and it was no novelty to see a Royal car wend its way through Queen Square, and finally draw up at the great red brick building, laden with toys for the little ones.

A children's hospital is not considered nearly such a "safe" one for the staff as an adult hospital, for amongst the patients of such juvenile years there is far greater risk of infection from such diseases as diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, mumps, and so forth, than there is amongst older people, and the responsibility shouldered by the Matron was a big one.

But the Princess would not take any notice of this, nor did the Queen try to prevent her work there, but rather encouraged the idea, and allowed her only daughter to run the risks to which she had to be exposed, just as any other mother had to do so often, at that time of national stress.

There was also the danger of air-raids, which were daily expected at the time when the Princess was at the hospital, and upon the Matron anxiously inquiring as to the special means she was to take to try to ensure her royal probationer's safety, the reply was that she was to do exactly the same in her case as for the other nurses.

Princess Mary already knew the wards, so it was not as a complete stranger that she donned her red cotton V.A.D. dress, the colour betokening her rank as Commandant of a Detachment, with the Red Cross on her white apron, and the V.A.D. nursing cap, and started work.

A charming oil painting of Her Royal Highness in her uniform, with her sleeves rolled up, ready for her day's work, hangs in the hospital board-room. It was specially painted, at the request of the

Princess, by Mr. Harrington Mann, and was presented by her to the hospital. It bears the inscription: "Presented by H.R.H. The Princess Mary, who was trained as a nurse in the Hospital, 1918–1920."

For two years Princess Mary attended the hospital, and received a thorough and practical training in the treatment of the children undergoing cure, in both medical and surgical wards. It was arranged that she should have a course of, as it were, intensive training, so far as possible, and time was not given up by Her Royal Highness to the scrubbing and polishing which usually fall to the lot of a newly joined probationer.

As was the case in very many hospitals which undertook the training of V.A.D.'s, much more time was devoted to actual treatment than to the usual first year's routine work of the ordinary nurse, for in so many cases embryo nurses had early in their career to go out to France to relieve the pressure at the base hospitals.

So it was that on arrival at the hospital the Princess went straight away to her duties of bedmaking, washing and

feeding the babies in the medical ward, and did the round of her ward with the house physician as soon as she was knowledgeable enough to do so.

She had, of course, in her capacity of Commandant of the Buckingham Palace V.A. Detachment, passed her Red Cross First Aid Examinations, and so came with the greater interest to her more advanced training in medical treatment, such as poulticing, the giving of vapour and hot-air baths, nasal feeding, and so forth.

She worked for some time on the medical side, and then changed to the surgical ward "Helena," where she was soon allowed to help with dressings, and instructed in hypodermic treatment. There came a day when her presence in the theatre was desired and Her Royal Highness assisted at her first operation, and it was with the utmost sincerity that the surgeon, commenting on the Princess's behaviour during this trying ordeal, said that he had seldom seen such a cool, level-headed, and thoroughly competent young nurse go through her first experience of theatre work.

The particular operation in question was,

as the Sister admits, a peculiarly unpleasant and difficult one of its kind. The Princess grew rather white after a time, and the Sister, who felt that she was perhaps being tried rather unnecessarily, suggested in a whisper that she should slip out.

"Oh, *no*!" whispered the Princess, shaking her head, and she refused a chair that was offered her, and went through the operation calmly to the end.

It was while she was training in the surgical ward that her qualities of determination and self-control were specially brought out. It is no easy matter for anyone, let alone anyone so tender-hearted as the Princess, to hurt a tiny child deliberately. And yet this was of daily occurrence when wounds had to be dressed and the little patient sobbed with the pain. Never once did the Princess flinch from the task in hand, but went about it quietly and with that gentleness and deliberation of touch that cause the very least pain possible.

Little 'Liza Terry, about whom much has been written in connection with the Princess's nursing, was admitted to hospital

suffering from a very acute form of blood-poisoning, which had affected the bone of the leg and spread right up the tibia. She was very ill indeed, and an immediate operation was necessary to save her life.

The bone had literally to be scraped out from top to bottom, the upper shell removed, and only the lower half left. These details are given in order to show beyond question what an extremely serious operation it was for a little child of ten to undergo, and to emphasise the fact that if the Princess was considered fit, to put it bluntly, to carry out the dressing of such a wound, this fact alone is a criterion of her powers as a surgical nurse.

It was a most difficult dressing, and undertaken by the Princess early in 1919. It was "touch and go" with the child, but her royal nurse never shrank from tackling the dressing, and performed her task calmly, with the sure deft fingers that everyone who has suffered operative treatment soon learns to appreciate. The little 'Liza, when more convalescent, was very shy of her nurse, but this gradually wore off, and she soon learned to look for the many presents the Princess brought her,

and to realise that what she wanted she got, if her special nurse had anything to do with it.

The Princess worked either in the medical "Alexandra" ward, named after her grandmother, the Queen Mother, or the surgical "Helena" ward; they are practically alike in size and arrangement—long, well-lighted rooms, with polished floors, and walls of attractive glazed brick, a deep terracotta below and dull soft green above. A big rocking-horse stands at one end, which is a great joy to the children.

In "Alexandra," as it is familiarly termed, there is a special cot in the big bay window, number 21, which was given by Queen Alexandra in 1902. It was founded in perpetuity by Her Majesty, with a sum presented to her at the Imperial Coronation Bazaar by the members of the London Stock Exchange.

The ward holds twenty-six beds, and at the other end from that of the Queen's cot stands one founded by Princess Mary Victoria of Wales herself, as she was officially termed in the days before her father became King. This cot was en-

dowed for the lifetime of the Princess by Mr. J. S. Wood, Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, from the "Children's Salon" in that paper, and bears the following inscription hung over the bed.

FOUNDED BY
MARY VICTORIA
"THE CHILDREN'S SALON"
MAY, 1903.

Hanging over this again is a very charming pastel of Her Royal Highness as a small child with golden curls and big blue eyes, drawn by L. Hope. It was a sound inspiration to have the kindly little face in its gold frame looking down upon the poor little sufferers in the ward, and the portrait is a very cherished possession of "Alexandra."

The Princess never let a day pass without herself bathing at least one baby! It was her favourite "job," and more than one onlooker has told me how they longed for a camera or an artist to be at hand to capture the scene of the Princess sitting on a low chair by the fire, with a basin of water at her side, and a tiny baby lying on her knee, as she carefully washed and

tended it herself and soothed it in her arms. "It was the prettiest picture anyone could wish to see," the Sister said enthusiastically.

For some time she had special charge of a baby so small that it slept in a bassinette in the ward, and for this child the Princess did everything herself. She was, indeed, never tired of playing with the children and listening to their quaint sayings, which the nurses used to tell her whenever an especially amusing little anecdote came their way.

There was one little boy who used to say his prayers out loud to nurse every night, and always used to pray for Brother Walter, who was out at the front. One day the brother came home on leave, and there was great excitement in the ward, when the stalwart warrior arrived to see the small patient. That night at prayer-time the child began: "Please, God, bless Walter and keep him safe at the war"—then, correcting himself, he added, "no, I forgot, it's all right now, thank you, God. Walter's come home, and mother will take care of him." It is easy to imagine how the Princess came to love these children,

and how really happy she was amongst them every moment of the time she was there.

The nurses in the wards loved the Princess, who always went out of her way to speak to them. She tried to give them as little trouble on her behalf as possible, although they were only too delighted to show her everything and to do all they possibly could to help her. She insisted on helping with the serving of dinners in the ward kitchen, and was often to be seen with a towel tied over her apron and sleeves rolled up, working as hard as she could with the giving out of special diets and dinners.

The old porter at the big entrance of the hospital, with rows of medals on his breast, always gives the cheeriest of welcomes to visitors, and many are the anxious mothers he admits on "visiting days," who even now hesitate sometimes to confide their little ones to the nurses' care rather than their own.

The mothers, when they came to fetch their babies home at this time, had always one eager question for the Sister, "Did the Princess bath *my* baby?" and if this

had been the case, would bear the child off with immense pride.

On one occasion the porter, in his usual cheery way, greeted a newcomer as she came into the rather dimly lighted hall, with his kindly, "Well, mother, what is it?" for it was not visiting hours, and queries are many.

The "mother" put her finger on her lips, with a smile, and said, "Ssh!" It was Queen Alexandra, who had come quite informally to see her granddaughter at work. The old man was much upset on discovering to whom he had offered his unceremonious welcome, for it is his pride to show in the many royal visitors with the greatest deference, but the Queen Mother was frankly delighted. She continued her way upstairs to peep into Alexandra Ward, where she expected to see the Princess at work. However, she was not to be seen, and it was discovered that she was in the operating-theatre assisting the surgeon.

After perforce keeping her grandmother waiting for a few minutes, Princess Mary discarded her mask and operating-gown, and came downstairs; but she soon had to say good-bye, and go back to her duty,

while the Queen continued her tour of the wards.

It was on this occasion, except for the few minutes when she came out to see Queen Alexandra, that the Princess stayed in the theatre the whole time that the surgeon was operating, carrying on through no less than five consecutive operations. She would not hear of being relieved of her duties, and would not even sit down to rest when occasion offered.

Another time, when some members of the Royal Family had come to see how she was progressing, the Princess was in the act of giving a hypodermic injection. "Are you sure she can do it?" the Sister was anxiously asked. "Can she do it without hurting? I've just been having injections, and *I know*!" But the Sister assured the royal speaker that Princess Mary was fully accustomed to her job.

Queen Mary came several times to see her daughter, and appeared delighted with the progress she was making. She arrived one day about dinner-time, and while the Princess finished serving out the meal, her Majesty sat down by a little cot, and gave a baby of two its dinner.

It was often pathetically amusing to see tiny convalescent girls, up perhaps and dressed for the first time, solemnly trying to curtsey to H.R.H. when she came up to them. They would stand up, holding out their wee skirts, and kneel right down on one knee, often in a very wobbly fashion. The Princess always waited for each curtsey to finish, before very gravely shaking hands with the diminutive "Court Ladies."

Of course the children loved her. They would watch for her coming, and every little face used to turn towards the door when the royal nurse came on duty. One little girl in the surgical ward persistently cried for her. She was barely nine years old, and the dressing was a painful one. It was not a cry for the "Princess," but for "Nurse," for her hands were so gentle and her fingers so sure, and, above all, her sympathy so very real, that it communicated itself to the little patient, who would allow no one else to touch her at the dreaded times of treatment.

"Princess Mary Darling," was the cry of a curly headed little boy, as he tossed feverishly on his pillow, looking for the

[Vandyk

THE PRINCESS AS A V.A.D. COMMANDANT.

cheery face that would sooner or later bend over and soothe him. To most of the others she was "Nurse," or else "My Princess," who never found a childish call too much trouble, and always remembered the toy or scrap-book that was most enjoyed.

Of course there was always the question, "Is she a *real* Princess?" and there is no doubt that many of the children always thought she was the princess in a fairy-tale, and one little boy, ill with pneumonia, who would insist that the Princess washed him herself, asked her once during the process where "the Prince" was, and if he was "coming to-day."

It was while she was in "Helena" ward that the Princess took a special interest in a child who was terribly ill with hip trouble, and died one night when she was not at the hospital.

The Sister, knowing how devoted Princess Mary was to him, did not know how to tell her of his death. She knew it would upset her dreadfully, and wondered what she could do to save her from the grief of realisation that the little patient had passed beyond her reach. She told

her that the child had just "gone home," and so evaded breaking the news until a long time afterwards, when the truth was told.

She never once arrived at the hospital without a few toys, which were distributed in turn to the different cots, and at Easter time in 1920 she came to the hospital to go round her two wards, with an Easter egg or a cock or chicken for every child, which highly delighted them all. At Christmas she spent the whole afternoon there, and had tea with the nurses, after her usual distribution of presents and the Christmas tree.

One little child had been given a storybook by the Princess, and longed to ask her to write her name in it. She confided this burning desire to the Sister, who told her to ask H.R.H. herself, next time she came to talk to her, and so this was planned. But when Princess Mary was actually there, shyness completely tied little Olive's tongue, and she could only blurt out, "What's your name?" in that funny way children have of evading the direct question when the psychological moment arrives for asking it. The

Princess was rather surprised, but answered at once, "My name's Mary; what's yours?" but the real request was never forthcoming.

She did not, however, confine her attentions to the children, for boxes of chocolates for the nurses and signed photographs for the doctors and Sisters and the medical registrar were presented, and, later on, just before she left, the Matron, then Miss Gertrude Payne, was the recipient, among other gifts, of a charming gold-and-enamel trinket-box from the Princess.

Together with the Matron, Dr. Pirie, the resident medical superintendent at the hospital, had very carefully drawn up the special curriculum that H.R.H. was to go through in her training, and when she left she commissioned a special water-colour of herself in uniform to present to the doctor, writing at the back of it, in her own hand, "To Dr. Pirie from Princess Mary." This painting is the doctor's most treasured possession in his home in Toronto, where he now enjoys a flourishing practice.

There are many other tales told of the

Princess's little acts of kindness and sympathy, far too many to record here. When someone is by nature as charming, unaffected, and really kind as Princess Mary has long proved herself to be, no amount of "writing up" would adequately describe her as she really is.

Clever and capable, level-headed and reliable, the Princess threw her whole heart and soul into her temporary profession. Nothing was too much trouble for her, and no little detail escaped her personal attention.

She constantly sends presents to the wards to-day, and all the labels for the books and presents are addressed in her own hand, for "I know it quite well now," says the Matron, who carefully pastes the little inscription on to each gift of book or toy for the child to treasure, and the nurses in "Alexandra" and "Helena" get their presents too, although those with whom the Princess worked are, by this time, practically all scattered in other hospitals.

She was going round the ward one day, when the Sister called her attention to a small Italian boy, who lay silent amidst

these strange surroundings, where no one could talk to him in his own tongue.

"You can talk Italian, Princess," urged the Lady-in-Waiting; but Princess Mary coloured, and was too shy to show off her knowledge, while the child gazed up solemnly at her with his big dark eyes. The next day, however, a book of Italian fairy-tales came with the note, "For the little Italian boy," written in his own language. She never forgot.

The little gifts of books or tiny dolls were immensely treasured by the children, and always held out for visitors to see, with the proud remark, "*My* Princess Mary did give me this!"

There was quite a touching scene when the day came in April 1920 for her to give up her work and leave the hospital for good as a nurse. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she bade farewell to the Matron, and the latter wept too at the thought of losing her.

One of her last little acts before she left was when a little child in her ward was reported to be dying of heart trouble that no skill could combat. The child was conscious, but had not long to live,

and the Princess went up to the bed with a little bunch of violets in her hand. The child was very fond of any sweet scent, and the nurses had always tried to give her something sweet to smell while she had been ill. It seemed her one desire, and the tiny fingers closed over the flowers, and never lost their hold until the end came a few hours later.

It was a testimony to her affection for the hospital that on Alexandra Day, 1921, the Princess came all the way to Great Ormond Street to purchase her rose there herself.

CHAPTER VII

IN FRANCE

VERY little has ever been recorded of the Princess's visit to the war zone in France, where she went as the Queen's representative, to see for herself the life and conditions of the various Women War Workers, in whose branches at home she had taken such a personal and keen interest from the first.

She had long pleaded to be allowed to go across the Channel, but had been told, like so many other girls of her own age during the war, that her duty lay at home, where she was of more use in heartening up the "rear-guard" by her presence amongst them.

Everyone remembers the old longing to "get out to France," and the Princess could only submit, with the best grace possible, to the decision that her duty lay close at hand, rather than in the more exciting surroundings of the army camps behind the lines.

With the Armistice, however, her chance came, and early one morning—Wednesday, November 20th, 1918—wearing the uniform of a Commandant of a V.A.D. of the British Red Cross Society, the Princess left for Boulogne, accompanied by Lady Ampthill, Chairman of the Women's V.A.D. Committee of the Red Cross and Order of St. John, and Major Reginald Seymour, being the first member of the Royal Family to visit France after the cessation of hostilities nine days previously.

After a rather foggy passage, and a consequent slight delay which caused the Princess some impatience, as she has all the Royal Family's innate love of punctuality, she was relieved to be up to scheduled time, and landed at Boulogne, to be received by Dame Rachel Crowdy, representing the V.A.D. Detachments in France, Sir Arthur Lawley, Chief Commissioner in France for the Red Cross, and Miss Davey, Chief Controller of the Q.M.A.A.C.

It was a dull dark evening, though the fog at sea did not penetrate very far inland from the coast, and the Princess's first sight of the women's camp at Ostrohove must have been rather bewildering. The

road to the camp was difficult to find, and the A.P.M. was afraid to trust his royal charge to the girl driver of the Chief Controller's car, much to her chagrin.

Piloting the procession himself, the officer somehow managed to take a wrong turning, which in the dark was a most easy thing to do, and himself "stuck" on a very steep hill. When the Princess said good night to the Q.M.A.A.C. driver, on her return from the camp, where she had been given tea, the girl lost no time in telling Her Royal Highness that the halt on the road on the way out was the result of trusting to the care of a mere man rather than to a member of the Q.M.A.A.C.'s! The Princess was much amused at this earnest explanation, and assured the girl that no slur whatever had been cast on her motor driving. She slept that night at a private house in Boulogne placed at her disposal, and went soon to bed, so that an early start might be made the next morning for Abbeville.

Accordingly on Thursday, the 21st, the tour began, and the two cars, driven respectively by V.A.D. and Q.M.A.A.C. drivers, started on their long run to Rouen, by way of Abbeville. This was the first

time the Princess had entrusted herself to feminine chauffeurs, and she was much impressed at the absolute capability and excellent driving of the two girls. At one time she would honour the V.A.D. driver with her presence in that car, at another the Q.M.A.A.C. "man at the wheel" had her in charge, and the journey proved of the greatest interest and delight.

It is not difficult to picture the excitement of a girl, then only twenty-one years old, seeing for the first time the country over which for so many years the pall of war had hung. She had been so very little abroad, that the mere fact of it being a foreign country proved no little added enchantment.

Arrived at Abbeville, Princess Mary here saw the 1st V.A.D. Convoy, and was much impressed at the sight, and this was only the beginning of her continuous and growing admiration for our girl war workers abroad, who had so long been carrying on cheerfully and efficiently, very often in the face of the most adverse conditions.

The girls at the new camp, who were engaged principally on clerical work in the Mechanical Transport repair shops, com-

prising the 1st Advanced Motor Transport Depôt, had had their camp bombed in one of the bad Zeppelin raids in the spring of the year, and were now billeted further up the hill. A great shell-hole made by one of the bombs was shown to the Princess, and also some of the battered-looking huts that were still more or less intact.

As she arrived at the camp, the long files of girls were coming up the hill from their work for the midday meal, and it was good to see these stalwart Englishwomen swing past in splendid style. "It's just like watching soldiers march!" exclaimed the Princess, in amazed delight.

Lunch followed at the Princess Victoria Club for nurses and V.A.D.'s, and then began the second half of the motor drive to Rouen, where the royal cars arrived in time for their occupants to have a late and much-needed tea, which was ready for them at the Red Cross hostel run for relatives of officers who were too badly wounded to be able to be moved home.

Here Miss Campion, Area Commandant of the Red Cross, and Miss de Putron, Deputy Controller in the Q.M.A.A.C., awaited Her Royal Highness and were

presented to her, these two ladies being responsible for the remainder of the stay in Rouen.

The hostel itself proved a joy to the Princess, for it was an old French house, with quaint rooms and an outside stairway, quite different from anything she had ever seen at home. She stayed during her time in the town at the Hôtel de la Poste, where she had her own suite of rooms, though she elected to have her meals in the public dining-room. It was not surprising that in such novel surroundings Princess Mary soon forgot her shyness, and talked hard to her guests all through the meal. She confessed, in her charmingly ingenuous way, that this was the first time she had ever stayed in a hotel, and of course the first time she had ever dined in a public room. Her eyes were constantly wandering round, watching with transparent interest the various uniformed officials who came in and out, and listening to the foreign tongues around her.

Of course, like her mother, she speaks perfect French, so there was never any trouble for her as regards the language.

She was out early the next morning

sightseeing, for the Princess is very keen on architecture, and the Queen had impressed upon her to take advantage of being in Rouen to see the Cathedral, St. Ouen, and St. Maclou if possible, and thither she went on this Friday morning before her official duties began.

She wandered through the narrow streets with Lady Ampthill, her uniform being such a familar one to the busy passers-by that she walked practically unnoticed.

Several times, however, she stopped and spoke to Q.M.A.A.C. girls standing by their cars, or hurrying to and from their offices, trying to find out what they were actually employed upon, and also asking them if they would be at the concert that night which the Corps were giving in her honour.

Some said they were going to be there; others replied rather shamefacedly that "there was an entry on their conduct-sheet," as if that spoke for itself.

As soon as she met the Deputy Controller again, the Princess demanded what this mysterious explanation could mean, and then had the disciplinary side of the train-

ing, and the privileges accorded to those who could show "clean conduct-sheets" on such occasions explained to her.

During the morning she went round the V.A.D. Motor Drivers' camp, and talked to the girls, and also round the Q.M.A.A.C. Drivers' camp. An amusing incident occurred in the latter's quarters. The Princess was just being shown over the big dining-room, where the girls were trooping in to have lunch, and both they and their royal visitor were rather taken by surprise. The Princess, her shyness getting the better of her, coloured to the roots of her hair, and the girls stood as if glued to their places in a group at the other end of the room, and for a moment an atmosphere of embarrassment pervaded both parties.

Just as the Deputy Controller was preparing to plunge to the rescue, a small fat puppy that was precariously balancing itself on a wooden bench, preparatory to an investigation of the dinner table, fell back with a crash and shriek of dismay on to the floor. In an instant shyness flew to the winds, and the Princess made a dash forward to comfort it, while the girls did the same from their end of the

room. This informal and amusing meeting, for the puppy was soon all "wag" and play, broke the ice completely, and the Princess was soon chatting with the girls as if she were one of themselves.

She thought the little sitting-rooms very comfortable, and was interested, not to say awed, by the extremely strenuous work done by the girls at the signal depôt and telephone exchange.

Lunch followed for Her Royal Highness at the Controller's quarters, where five Senior Q.M.A.A.C. Administrators in the area were presented to her, the house being just an ordinary French billet, where the Deputy Controller and her two assistants lived above the offices, which were on the ground floor.

It was staffed by Q.M.A.A.C. orderlies, and a very simple meal was served in the little dining-room, the menu being an ordinary mess lunch, with the usual rations allowed per person, and ordinary army cutlery drawn from ordnance stores.

The Deputy Controller arranged that the Princess should have this sort of lunch on purpose, instead of getting special silver and glass for the occasion. She

guessed, and rightly, that Her Royal Highness had come out as a girl war worker and not as a Princess, and it was the chance of doing the "real thing," even in details such as these, that really appealed so much to her. The cook had, however, managed to serve up a delightful little repast, and certainly "spread herself," as the Q.M.A.A.C. vernacular put it, over the cream pudding. Princess Mary could not restrain her glee at this, for Buckingham Palace, as everyone knows, was rigid throughout the war in its economy of such luxuries as cream and butter, and "at least," the hostess afterwards declared with pride, "we gave her plenty of that."

So pleased with this little informal lunch was the Princess, that, as soon as it was over, she asked if she might go into the kitchen and thank the cook for taking so much trouble on her behalf. So in she went, to the entire confusion of the Q.M.A.A.C. cook, who in an agony of embarrassment hurriedly retreated behind the scullery door. But, nothing daunted, the Princess followed after her, and shook hands vigorously in the neighbourhood of

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AT AUDAX CAMP, NEAR ROUEN, 1918

the sink! The cook, who had enlisted early in the war, was greatly overcome by the Princess's thanks and kind words—"Me with my dirty apron on, and all . . ." she was heard to exclaim in dismay after the royal visitor had departed.

Afterwards there was a crowded afternoon, for, like her brother, the Prince of Wales, the Princess never sat still for a moment, and showed untiring energy in seeing and, what is more, *wanting* to see, every possible phase of the women's work she could.

A visit to the Anglo-Belgian Hospital therefore followed, which was a splendidly run hospital, largely staffed by English V.A.D.'s under two trained nurses, and the technical curative work done here was excellent.

Later that afternoon she held two surprise receptions, first at the Club, where forty V.A.D.'s had been expected to meet her, but where two hundred and fifty came and crowded the stairways and passages to catch a glimpse of the Royal Commandant, and, secondly, a more serious ceremony, when matrons of the various hospitals and ladies who were responsible

for the running of the principal clubs and canteens in connection with the Church Army and Y.W.C.A., etc., were presented.

This ordeal the Princess found rather more trying than when she was with girls of her own age, for the youthful Commandant had her V.A.D. training too close behind her not to feel more the sensation of respect due to a matron or a sister than one of royal condescension.

So it was with a pretty air of welcome, charged with deference, that, as the Queen's representative, she shook hands with these elder women, upon whom so much of the heaviest responsibility of the war behind the lines had rested.

That evening, to complete the crowded day, came the concert, given by the Q.M.A.A.C.'s picked from the different concert parties in the area, the audience being composed of 650 women, representatives of every unit, and chosen for good conduct and long service, it being for this function that the "clean conduct sheets" which the Princess had commented upon earlier in the day, were required.

The Deputy Controller asked her

beforehand whether she would say something to the girls, though she quite understood that the Princess had never spoken in public before. To her surprise, she agreed. "The *moment* your Royal Highness accepts the Message for her Majesty, we will start clapping," said the Controller earnestly, so as to assure Princess Mary that her speech need only be of a very few minutes' duration. The concert was an immense success, and great credit was due to the performers, who arranged it among themselves at very short notice, each camp undertaking a portion of the programme. It was distinctly of the music-hall variety, opening with the chorus of a popular song then in vogue, and it is doubtful whether the Princess had ever heard anything of the sort before.

By the time the second item appeared, which was a coster-girl's song in costume, the Princess was laughing till the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she laughed without ceasing right through the evening.

Then the fateful moment arrived, when she was escorted on to the platform and faced the big audience composed entirely of girls, while Miss Davy, the Chief Con-

troller, introduced her formally to them, and asked her in their name to take back to her Majesty the Queen, their Commandant-in-Chief, a message of loyalty and affection from her special Corps.

Princess Mary then quietly and easily replied, thanking the girls for their message, which she said she would convey, without fail, to her mother on her return.

True to her promise, the Deputy Controller allowed the storm of clapping and cheering to break out at this juncture, and so save the Princess from the further ordeal of lengthening her first public speech. In a moment the cheers changed into the song "For she's a jolly good fellow," and the echoes rang with the refrain, while the Princess blushed with pleasure, and repeatedly bowed her appreciation of their splendid welcome.

At the conclusion of the concert all the Administrators in the area were presented to Her Royal Highness, and she then returned to the hotel, tired, but happy, after her strenuous day.

The next day was Saturday, when the Princess motored to Trouville to visit the

Canadian Convalescent Home for Officers, and to have lunch at the V.A.D. Club.

She had another busy and interesting time seeing over several convalescent clubs, and the camps Nos. 72, 73, and 74, and the St. John's Brigade Hospital.

General Birchall, D.G.M.S., General Hickson, Base Commandant and D.D.M.S., and Dame Maud McCarthy were presented to the Princess, and Her Royal Highness slept that night at the V.A.D. Motor Convoy Camp.

Sunday, the 24th, had been set aside for a restful day, but she insisted, on arrival back at Rouen at midday, on continuing her tour of the city, and visiting more old churches, the spot where Joan of Arc was burned to death, and other places of historic interest, and that evening she dined quietly at the hotel, and entertained once more several members of the V.A.D. and Q.M.A.A.C. Staff.

There was no shyness apparent in the Princess now, and she could not talk fast enough, telling her guests of her experiences in the days spent away from Rouen, which she had already come to regard as her headquarters. After dinner she invited

her guests upstairs to her private sitting-room, and presented several signed photographs as souvenirs of her visit.

The Princess asked anxiously whether there was any truth in the rumour that the Queen was expected to visit Rouen almost at once. "Nothing will induce me to go home if Mamma comes," she declared with emphasis.

Finally, a last farewell was said to Rouen on the morning of Monday, the 25th, and H.R.H. motored to Etretat, where she inspected the Q.M.A.A.C. Convalescent Home, and lunched at the Nurses' Convalescent Home, thus being enabled to see the interior of two typical French villa houses, one of which was the home of Offenbach, and has a replica of the stairway of the Paris Opera House.

Then on to Dieppe to see the Q.M.A.A.C. army bakery and sample a delicious tea, with freshly made cakes and white Army bread.

Here were also some very nice huts, and an excellently equipped "sick bay."

Thence to Le Tréport, where the Princess and Lady Ampthill slept in camp, in the

usual wooden army huts, with the V.A.D. motor convoy.

A number of surprise visits, not on the original itinerary, were squeezed in at Le Tréport, and time was spent at more camps, hospitals, and motor convoys, and there was also a special visit to Lady Murray's hospital.

It was at Le Tréport that Princess Mary took a ten minutes' ride in a Whippet Tank, which was a very novel experience for her, and so was able to appreciate the appalling discomfort of the narrow, fume-ridden quarters and agonising jolts that the men who fought in these inventions must have had to undergo. She was much interested here also in the Army Economy Depôt, where the troops were taught every kind of detail relating to economy in all its branches.

Back to Boulogne after this, by car, to see the rest station at Camp No. 7, and to the O.B.O.S. to see the girls at work making survey maps, a task the immensity of which may be imagined when it is realised that about 50,000 maps of Germany alone were in hand.

Here, also, the Camouflage factory was

inspected, in which a Q.M.A.A.C. officer was in charge of French women labour. Many surprises were prepared for Her Royal Highness, so that she was never quite certain whether she was looking at the real thing or at a camouflage counterfeit! For instance, as she walked along the duckboards, a patch of grass would suddenly rise to its feet and move away, thus disclosing the presence of a would-be "sniper"!

There were still more interesting visits to military hospitals with Dame Maud McCarthy, and a long time was spent at Red Cross Hospital No. 8.

Then on Thursday, the 28th, which was supposed to be a free day, the Princess, Lady Ampthill, Sir Arthur Lawley, Miss Ursula Lawley, and Major Seymour went off to Calais, inspected the Field Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry, generally known to all ranks as the "Fannys," and so on to Bruges for the night. This was an expedition after the Princess's own heart, for the visit right up to Bruges, and then on to the Ypres salient, was a sudden idea, and as unexpected as it was delightful.

Agonised lest anything should occur to prevent such a chance materialising, the

Princess had her staff out of bed at an early hour in the morning, and nothing would serve but that they must start at 7·30 a.m. for Bruges. As on this occasion they were going into the actual front lines of the Army, men drivers were substituted in the royal cars, and a three to four hours' run ensued on incredibly bad roads, worn by perpetual heavy traffic.

After sleeping the night at Bruges, the Princess was taken on to Ypres, and the next day saw for the first time the historic ruins of the Cloth Hall and the scene of desolation that is indelibly photographed in its tragedy on the minds of so many.

It was whilst walking about fifty yards away from the Hall that the Princess noticed two Tommies wearing the badges of her own regiment, the Royal Scots, and discovered they belonged to the 17th Battalion. Much excited, she at once asked if there were any more of the regiment in Ypres, and was overjoyed to hear that the whole battalion was marching in under Colonel Murray. The Princess asked if it were possible for a surprise parade to be held, and this was at once arranged, with the result that her battalion marched past her

just outside the ruined Cloth Hall, where she stood taking the salute as their Colonel-in-Chief. The men were delighted, and it was certainly a most charming coincidence that they should have been there at the time of her visit.

The last morning, on the return south, Friday the 29th, visits were made to station hospitals and convalescent and recreation camps and huts in Boulogne, and the Princess had her final luncheon at the Red Cross Headquarters, where Sir Arthur Lawley and all the heads of the departments, together with a number of V.A.D.'s and Q.M.A.A.C.'s, assembled to do honour to their indefatigable young visitor.

It was on this occasion that Dame Rachel Crowdy presented her with a little gold identity disc, on behalf of the V.A.D.'s in France, and simply inscribed, "Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, V.A.D."

A Guard of Honour of V.A.D.'s and Q.M.A.A.C.'s saw the Princess off by the afternoon steamer. She was as fresh as when she started her tour, and with the amazing vitality of youth would have been

perfectly ready to go through the crowded week all over again. She stayed on the bridge of the ship all the way across Channel, and travelled up from Folkestone to Victoria by the soldiers' leave train, arriving in London soon after 7 p.m., where she was received by Dame Florence Burleigh Leach and Lady Oliver.

There she found, to her obvious surprise, a Guard of Honour posted on the platform again of V.A.D.'s and Q.M.A.A.C.'s, who were not to be outdone by their sisters in France in their warm welcome of their Princess.

Princess Mary was delighted to see them, and, after a close inspection of the ranks, requested that each of the officers should be presented to her, and then a crowd of soldiers who had been on board the leave train gathered on the platform and cheered her as she left the station.

So Princess Mary arrived home to relate her adventures to the Queen, realising to the full, as she has never ceased to affirm, that it is impossible for anyone to grasp the amazing work done by the women in the war, whose self-sacrifice abroad was astounding; and though she may often

travel on the continent again, she will never have such an intensely interesting experience as when she was privileged to see the magnificent working armies of English women in France.

Her own sitting-room at Buckingham Palace was soon full of a collection of souvenirs that she had been given during the tour, and to this day they still have a place of honour amongst her treasures. A day or two after her return from France a big bouquet of pink chrysanthemums, the Princess's favourite colour, which had been presented to her on her arrival back in England, was arranged in the centre of the room, and her other gifts on tables round it.

She wore on her wrist the gold identity disc which she is never without, and there was also the little brass box presented to her by the Field Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry Service, made of the bases of two small shells and bearing the Corps badge.

The English workers at Rouen had given her a beautiful little ivory case, about one and a half inches long and the thickness of two fingers, on which

were exquisitely painted flowers and the arms of Rouen, and inside a tiny bottle of rare scent.

Then there were the contents of a fish-basket—a surprise present, handed to the Princess by a V.A.D. at the last moment before the boat sailed from Boulogne. It came from the Military Nursing Service nurses and V.A.D.'s under Dame Maud McCarthy, and, when opened, was found to contain a box made from the bases of shells, with the following inscription upon it: "To H.R.H. The Princess Mary, from the Nursing V.A.D.'s in France, November 20–30, 1918."

The basket further contained a beautifully modelled gilded bronze statuette of a French *poilu*, a vellum-bound volume on the town of Boulogne, a little ivory statuette of Joan of Arc and another of a Boulogne fisherwoman, and a case holding a silver souvenir spoon. There seemed no end to this charming selection of gifts.

The Princess had several other remembrances of her visit to France that she had collected herself, not the least valued of which was the programme of the concert

given by the Q.M.A.A.C.'s at Rouen, the design of the cover painted by Agnes M. W. Hall. She also treasures the written message of loyalty and affection sent to the Queen on that occasion.

CHAPTER VIII

WORK WITH THE GIRL GUIDES

GIRL Guides take upon themselves three promises on enrolment—I promise on my honour to do my best to do my duty to God and the King, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Guide law.

It was to reaffirm these vows, standing for so tremendous an ideal, and to commemorate the Victory of the Allies in the Great War, that an immense concourse of fourteen thousand Guides, drawn from all over the Empire, gathered at the Rally in the Albert Hall on November 4th, 1919, and it seemed to mark a stepping-off place in history, when youth definitely arose after years of repression vigorously to assert and make its own Blake's splendid dedication:

> I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land.

What Guide present will ever forget the scene? The great hall, which has seen so many huge gatherings; thousands of Guides from so many different lands; the end of a great war (which must have seemed to many of them to have been in progress nearly as long as they could remember); and the presence of the King's daughter—the first "real" princess many of them had ever seen—acknowledging their aims and wearing their uniform, for it was on this wonderful day in the annals of the Girl Guides that Princess Mary made her first public appearance in the uniform of a Guide Commissioner.

With the Guide flags massed behind the Union Jack, excitement, which though curbed and disciplined for the moment, was none the less intent, reached its height when, every Guide standing at salute, the great organ, accompanied by the roll of the drums, pealed out the National Anthem. Every eye turned to watch the figure come to the front of the royal box, and stand, with themselves, at the Guide salute—three fingers to the hat, in remembrance of the three Promises.

[*Press Photographs.*

H.R.H AT THE ALBERT HALL RALLY.

(With the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide—Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell.)

Neither will anyone who was present forget the moment when the solemn question was put to that great gathering of the new generation—" In this great hour of Victory, in remembrance of those who died for you, and in the name of God, will you maintain the great traditions of our race, and, by the grace of God, make your lives worthy of that Great Victory ? "; nor the thrill with which the response, " We will, by God's help, we will," taken up by every young voice, and re-echoed from every corner of the crowded hall, pledged the future womanhood of the Empire to the prosecution of their high purpose.

And in this wonderful way the Princess publicly entered into the Guide world, her uniform showing the badges of gold and purple, distinctive of her royal rank.

Not many weeks after the Victory Rally, the headquarters of the Guide Movement were electrified by an intimation that H.R.H. wished to be shown over the offices and see the work of the organisation in detail for herself. And come she did, very quietly, attended only by her lady-in-waiting.

The Guide headquarters were at that time in Victoria Street, and to obtain admission a bell was rung outside the main door, answered by the Guide on duty for the day.

One January morning the bell rang; but, instead of the usual Guide inquirer, there stood the Princess, "her very own self!"—as the small Guide doorkeeper related afterwards to a perfectly breathless audience of Guides at home.

It really sounded too much like a fairy-tale. . . .

"An' what did she *say*?" was the first inevitable question.

"She said, 'How do you do? What a lot of badges you are wearing!'" And so the catechising went on, and it must have been hard to resist the temptation to prolong the wonderful conversation into one of at least three hours' duration.

The Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, who was of course present to receive the Princess, wrote a short account of the visit in the *Guide Gazette*, for the members of the Movement to read the following month, which may be given in her own words:

"H.R.H. the Princess Mary paid a delightful visit to our Girl Guide headquarters last month. I call it delightful, for our royal visitor came privately and informally, merely to have a chat about the Guides, and to see where the fountain-head of the Movement has its being.

"She was kindly and charmingly interested in all and every detail, and seemed most pleased to see all the photographs round the walls. As many of you know, there are pictures there of Guides in groups, Guides at rallies, Guides at work, Guides at play, Guides at home. . . .

"It was so heartening to find that our Guide President for Norfolk knows all about what we are at in the Guide world, and quite feels like 'one of us'—shaking hands with the left hand, and giving the Guide sign, as if she had been amongst us for years. The staff of secretaries and assistants at the office and the Guide shop all felt elated and pleased after our Guide Princess had been in to cheer us on our way."

The Guide Movement was really only started in the year 1908, when the girls,

clamouring to be allowed to join their brothers in the great game of scouting, almost forced Sir Robert Baden-Powell into evolving a similar scheme for them. This he did, and gave the organisation its name of "Girl Guides," to distinguish it from the Boy Scouts, not only in fact as regards actual training, but also in name, which was calculated to carry even more weight in the minds of anxious parents.

For some years the Movement went through the usual vicissitudes that beset every big organisation at the start, till the advent of the Great War in 1914 caused "recruits" to flock to join the Guides, which seemed to hold out a means of service to many young girls who were otherwise debarred from war work owing to their youth.

Consequently we soon find the Princess Mary recognising the claim of the Movement, and taking a prominent part in her own county of Norfolk, where she was welcomed as County President in 1917. By her interest and keenness she gave much-needed help to many Guiders who were struggling to run their companies, very

often in the face of great difficulties, and in spite of the attraction of more exciting forms of work, perhaps further afield, and of more apparent need.

It was, however, not until 1920 that the Princess took her place in Guide uniform at a big county rally at Norwich, where she inspected the Guides drawn from all over the county for the first time.

A big city's personal welcome is always somewhat of an ordeal, and the blue-uniformed Guider was given a reception at Norwich enough to try the stoutest nerves. "She is exactly like her brother," was the universal friendly comment, and there is no doubt as to the merits of the compliment thus paid so frankly, for Norfolk looks upon itself as the royal nursery, and knows all its children intimately, and none better than the Prince of Wales.

Princess Mary was dressed like any other Guide Commissioner, as she had been at the Victory Rally, with the purple cockade and cords denoting her special rank, and a Guide whistle and knife hanging from the regulation belt.

A little boy of six was acting as a patient in a nursing display; he performed the

part of the invalid so well that he became quite the centre of attraction. The Princess was delighted with him; she jumped to her feet to applaud at the finish of the performance, and the child quite gravely blew her a kiss with both chubby hands. H.R.H. sat down all blushes and smiles at this delicate piece of homage.

During the afternoon a Norfolk Guider had the honour of being presented by the Princess with the Girl Guide award, called the Nurse Cavell badge. This is one of the highest awards that is given by the Association to a Guide who has shown either special pluck in saving life, self-sacrifice in work for others, endurance of suffering, or calmness in danger, and originated as a memorial to Nurse Cavell, with a view to encouraging her special qualities among the Guides.

After the rally, the Lord Mayor of Norwich received the following letter from the Earl of Cromer, dated Sandringham, January 18th, 1920:—

"Dear Lord Mayor,—I am desired by Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary to assure you of the pleasure that it was to

her being able to go to Norwich yesterday for the rally of the Girl Guides. Princess Mary wishes me to express through you to all concerned Her Royal Highness's appreciation of the excellent way in which everything was thought out and executed."

An appeal went out in 1917 from the Chief Guide for funds to erect and equip an Army hut for the use of our soldiers in France, and so great was the response, that after the hut was actually equipped and even enlarged in order to meet the demands upon it, there was still money enough in hand to enable the Guides to present to the Army a motor ambulance for the front.

Princess Mary was approached, and, as the County of Norfolk President, consented to make the official presentation to the Army authorities.

So it came about that one gloomy December day found a small company of Guides, drawn from different London districts, assembled in the garden of Buckingham Palace, and a very smart looking lot they were, by whom Guides in any part

of the Empire might be proud to be represented.

Lady Baden-Powell and other members of the Hut Fund Committee were present also, and the Princess, who was charming to all, had a good look both inside and outside the very fine ambulance, on which was inscribed "The Girl Guides' Ambulance. Presented for Service with the British Armies in the Field."

She then, with a few kind words of good wishes, presented the car to General Sir Francis Lloyd, the General Officer commanding the London District, who, receiving it on behalf of the Army in France, said how grateful the Army was to the Guides for their splendid spirit in raising the necessary funds, and for their kind thought in supplying the ambulance. And, he added, "I feel sure the car will do as good work for the country in France as the Guides are doing here at home."

After the presentation was over, the Princess carefully inspected her "Guard of Honour," and went down the ranks noting the different badges that had been won, and showing a close knowledge and interest in what the Guides were doing, and then

Lady Baden-Powell stepped forward and presented H.R.H. with a gold Thanks badge on behalf of the Movement, an award which is only given by Guides to someone who has done them a specially "good turn," or shown them any great kindness. This badge the Princess wears when in Guide uniform, pinned on the right lapel of her coat.

Not only did she show her interest in her own county of Norfolk, but she had for some time taken a great personal interest in the 1st Sandringham Company, which has been in existence in the village since 1917. Special ties and patrol emblems were soon thought out by the Princess, and Headquarters set to work to have them specially embroidered and made for the Guides in her company.

It was decided by her own wish that the company colour should be that of royal purple, and the emblems those of the rose and carnation.

What could have been more happy than the choice of the real "Princess Mary" rose, which was exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show in April, 1920, when Mr. Hicks, the well-known rose

specialist of Hurst, Berkshire, arranged that a member of the Guide headquarters staff should go to the Show and carry away with her the bloom, from which a coloured painting was at once made, before it faded beyond recall.

The rose was named after the Princess by her own wish, and Mr. Hicks had a painting made of the flower, and, through the kindness of the Marquise d'Hautpoul, it was presented to Her Royal Highness.

The Sandringham Guides are to be congratulated on the choice of such an emblem, and it is with immense pride that the privileged members of their Rose Patrol wear the badge, which is modelled on this popular flower.

The Carnation Patrol has crimson flowers also, and, as Guide friends know, the girls wear shoulder knots of coloured braid to match their emblems, so that the company's colours are the royal crimson and purple.

The Princess frequently visits the company when she is staying at York Cottage, and helps with the ordinary Guide work at the meeting, organising and playing games with the Guides.

There are about fourteen members, and she constantly sends them books on practical Guiding, and gives presents of equipment and uniform, etc.

The Brownie pack is a great joy too, and the eight small folk attached to the Guide company have good reason to be grateful to the Princess for her many kindnesses. She is not satisfied only to see the Guides when she is at Sandringham, but from time to time has a report sent her by the captain, describing how each individual girl is getting on in her Guide work, and how the patrols are working in the competitions, and the company progressing as a whole.

They meet either in the village schoolroom or in the parish room, and there H.R.H. comes when she joins them at work, and at the present time they are all busy over their Laundress badge.

Early in the spring of 1920 the Princess intimated her willingness to become President of the Girl Guides, and at the annual council meeting of the association in March of that year she was unanimously elected to that office, amid much acclamation.

This was, indeed, a great honour for the Movement to receive, and one that has helped it enormously in its continued success during the past two years.

She was formally enrolled by Lady Baden-Powell in her own boudoir at the Palace, and from then onwards the summer of 1920 was one long round of Guide inspections and rallies. The Princess seemed unfailing in her energy, and her kindness never faltered, and time and again she passed down the lines of neatly uniformed girls, and took the most sympathetic interest in displays of first aid, signalling, and country dancing.

Aldershot was honoured by her presence at a big rally in May, while she was staying at Government House with the King and Queen, and certainly no children could have been more delighted than the Guides on the parade ground, who held their own inspection with their own Princess, after the official review of the troops had taken place by the King.

No lines could have been straighter or backs more upright, as the Princess went down the ranks, speaking to each Guider

and even to individual Guides whose badges she specially noticed.

Her Guide salute excited more admiration in the mind of an old "regular" than did her pretty face and charming manner. He was watching the Guide inspection, and saw the Princess give the "Guide sign" very smartly as she passed from the Guider of one company to another. He turned an enthusiastic face to a neighbour, standing hat in hand at the ropes. "Do you think," he asked, "the King taught her how?" "She's *that* smart!" he added admiringly to the crowd in general.

Many people will long remember the violence of a big thunderstorm that broke over London on the afternoon of June 12th, 1920. The King and Queen were at the Richmond Horse Show, where torrential rain and blinding lightning temporarily caused a complete cessation of the programme. At the same moment, in Hyde Park, Princess Mary was present at a rally of over 1,500 Guides, drawn from all parts of the metropolis. Surrounded by trees, the park was not the most desirable place in such a storm, and

the diminutive rank and file, exposed to all the fury of the deluge in their light linen tunics, had to have very strong nerves indeed to face unmoved the ordeal of the crashing thunder and vivid flashes of lightning.

The Princess was watching a display of country dancing when the first heavy raindrops began to fall. She would not take shelter, however, but borrowed a mackintosh and stayed in the open. The rain stopped in a very short time, but it proved to be only the preliminary shower to the main storm, which burst again in all its fury, with torrential thunder rain, soon afterwards.

The Guiders hurried the Princess to the ambulance tent, which had already one or two small patients, who were upset by the lightning and suffering from rather overwrought nerves; here she waited for some time, hoping the storm would soon pass. However, word soon went round that the rally must come to an end, and that the Guides must scatter for shelter and home. It was, even then, with the greatest difficulty that the Princess was persuaded to get into her car, but at last,

with many backward looks, she made a dash through the downpour, and drove off amid resounding cheers from the bedraggled crowds of Guides around her.

When she reached the palace, she went straight to her window which looks out over the Mall, to see how the crowds were dispersing, and soon saw groups of soaking children cheerfully marching homewards in the rain; at least they had "seen the Princess quite close," and little else mattered to them.

"I do wish I could ask them *all* in here!" the Princess cried impulsively, as she watched them go singing past, and she did her very best to cheer up the spirits of the thousands of children, and very many Guiders, who had for so long planned to give her such a real London Guide welcome. She sent at once a charming message to the Chief Commissioner for London, which was published in the *Guide Gazette*:

"DEAR MADAM,—

"I am desired by the Princess Mary to write and tell you how pleased she was with the arrangements in connection with

the rally in Hyde Park on Saturday, June 12th. The weather, unfortunately, was dreadful, and the Princess was much distressed at seeing the thousands of Guides on parade exposed to torrents of rain, thunder, and lightning. In spite of the storm, everything, in H.R.H.'s opinion, went without a hitch. The Guard of Honour was most efficient, and the Princess could not fail to be impressed by the discipline and steadiness of all ranks under conditions which were trying and uncomfortable in the extreme.

"She was keenly disappointed at the necessarily abrupt ending of the rally.

"Her Royal Highness would be happy to hear that no Guide has suffered in health through her experiences on that day. I am to add that Princess Mary was much touched by the loyal and splendid reception accorded to her throughout, and to assure you that she will not soon forget the farewell cheers which were given to her at the end of the rally.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOAN MULHOLLAND."

There is sometimes a doubt in the mind

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AFTER A RALLY AT HOLYROOD

of the public as to whether the Princess really takes an interest in the Guides, or whether she regards them merely as one of the numerous duties which are attendant upon royalty. But the Princess's keenness on "Guiding" is a very real thing. We soon find that even the King himself is drawn into it, and in July the Denbighshire Guides took a definite and conspicuous part in the ceremony of the opening of the North Wales Sanatorium near Denbigh.

Probably it was the first time that any Guides had ever been given the honour of the charge of the Royal Standard, and it fell to the lot of four Patrol Leaders, Guides of about sixteen, chosen from the ten oldest companies in the county, to undertake the ceremony of hoisting and breaking the King's personal flag on the arrival of his Majesty.

The Guides were drawn up in a big horseshoe on the lawn in front of the sanatorium which was formally to be opened. The moment, however, that the royal car drove up, it unfortunately began to rain, and one of the first things the King did, was to send a message that

the Guides were to get under shelter immediately. This they did while the ceremony of the opening of the sanatorium was in progress. After the opening, their Majesties inspected the building, and, as the weather had begun to improve, the Guides emerged, and formed up in very cramped formation on the gravel drive instead of on the grass, having heard that his Majesty would inspect them on his departure. While they were waiting for him, one of his A.D.C.'s looked very perturbed, and said to the Commissioner in charge, "His Majesty will not be at all pleased if the Guides are allowed to get wet," but rather than miss one second of the King's possible inspection, the Guides took up their position so that there was as much shelter at the back as possible.

Presently his Majesty was seen approaching. He came straight up to the Commissioner without waiting for her to be formally presented to him, and, shaking hands with her, he said, "I want to see your Guides. My daughter would never forgive me if I went off without having a look at them." He then went to the extreme right of the line, and walked along the

whole length of the ranks, asking questions as he proceeded.

He inquired most particularly as to whether they were at all wet, and was quite concerned until the Commissioner assured him that the Guides had all been under shelter during the time of the really heavy rain.

His Majesty wanted to know from what parts the Guides had come, and noticed that the "officers," or "Guiders" as they are called, were drawn up in front. He stopped several times before Guides, asking questions about their uniform, such as the patrol emblem, and the leather first-aid pouches some of them wore, and was delighted with the Brownies, laughing over the quaint name.

After the inspection the King turned to the Commissioner, and said: "They are looking very nice," to which she ruefully replied that they were not looking really so nice as they had been before the rain had taken the smartness from their uniforms and when they had been arranged in more open formation.

But the King laughed, and said: "We could not let them get wet, though, of

course, if there had been more space, I would have gone down each rank and inspected them all."

The Princess followed her father down the lines, showing much enthusiasm, and it is easily imagined that the day was one that the County of Denbigh Girl Guides will not soon forget. One cannot help feeling that it was the Princess's real keenness for the Movement that caused the King to enter so heartily into the spirit of the rally.

From Scotland, where the Princess was present at rallies at Edinburgh and Dundee, comes the story that at one of her inspections there was a tiny Brownie chosen to present a bouquet to H.R.H., which she did with great success. The excited pack leader asked her afterwards if she wasn't "*proud* to think she had been the one chosen for such an honour!"

To the Guider's confusion, after a moment's consideration, the small person solemnly replied, "Yes, I was (pause). But I was prouderer of being a Brownie!" she added, with infinite gusto, and her leaders did not know whether to be pleased or not with this confusion of sound principles.

That Brownies are the most literal folk at times is, of course, obvious to anyone who has had anything to do with these small people. The fact that the Princess did not wear "a crown" when she was at the rally was an enormous surprise, not to say disappointment. "All princesses wear crowns, so why doesn't 'our Princess' wear hers?" asked the Brownies, in tragic voices. Princess Mary was told this story, which amused her enormously, and she at once asked if this particular Brownie pack could be pointed out to her. She then went across to them, and apologised most humbly to the romantic small mites for not wearing her "crown" for them to see. But, as she charmingly explained to them, "being a *Guide*, you see, it couldn't be done to-day, could it?" This explanation of the phenomenon quite satisfied the pack, and no doubt they were convinced she put it on as soon as she got home. . . .

The Princess is always very anxious that she should be absolutely correct in any details of uniform, and it is a frequent comment that she looks at her very best when dressed as a Guide Commissioner. She was attending a rally upon one

occasion, that took place early in the afternoon, and arrived rather late, and was very upset to think she might have kept the arrangements back in any way.

"You see," she explained to the Commissioner who received her, "I had to change after luncheon, which delayed me. My brothers always tease me so much when I am in uniform, that I simply couldn't face them in it!" She added that she told them that it was due to being jealous of her, because they were not Scouts.

In November 1920 the Princess visited the Queen Alexandra's Physical Training College, where she had so often attended the gymnasium as a student, to present Colours to the 1st Kensington Gore Cadet Corps of Guides, which had recently been formed among the students. She expressed great pleasure at being back among them again, and this time at being in Guide uniform as the President of the Movement, and surrounded by cadets.

A cadet corps of Guides can be formed at any big girls' school or college, or university, with a view to the cadets becoming Guiders later on.

The Princess remarked on this point, and said that Guiders were greatly needed, and that she was so glad the students had joined the Movement in this way, for their special training would so fit them for the work, when in due time they would be running companies themselves.

She then presented the company Colours to the corps, and there was a most charming and impressive little ceremony.

Not many months after this we find the Queen taking her share in her daughter's hobby, and in a charming photograph we see her surrounded by Brownies in Wandsworth, all little people under eleven, who are gazing at her Majesty with adoring eyes as they cluster round her. And so secure in the united influence of the Royal Family, the Guide Movement passes on to yet another year in its short life, and we find the Royal President starting her Guide work for 1921 in her own county of Norfolk, where at Yarmouth she received an immense ovation when she visited it in January.

Early in the year Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell left England for a tour in India, Burma, and Palestine, in which

countries they inspected Scouts and Guides wherever they went.

They also touched at Port Said, seeing something of Egypt, and Ceylon, and found both Movements full of vitality in the East. To the Indian girl the Guide ideals appeal very strongly, and in capable hands the training has all the good effects that it has elsewhere.

The Princess, with her lively interest in all work afoot, despatched a wire to Lady Baden-Powell, which reached her at the start of the voyage East, and in which she said, "As President of the Girl Guides I am watching, with the fullest interest, the progress of the Movement in India. I am particularly glad that my sisters in that great country are entering upon Guide activities with that keenness and success which distinguish their sister Guides in every part of the Empire. To all I offer my cordial greeting and good wishes for a year of happiness for themselves and of useful service to others."

The knowledge that Her Royal Highness was in such close personal touch with the Guides in the East was one that was felt and appreciated all over the Empire.

On St. George's Day, 1921, the first number of a new little weekly paper, entitled *The Guide*, came into being, and the Royal President again showed her personal interest in all that concerned her "charges," and sent the paper a special message, which was printed on the front page:

"I am glad to be able to send Girl Guides a word of greeting in the first number of their very own paper, whose birthday is St. George's Day. I hope that every Guide, not only in the British Isles, but also throughout the whole Empire, will make a great point of supporting *The Guide*, as it is to be a bond between us all by which Guide news will reach every Guide far and near."

This charming message, signed by the Princess with her own hand, has been framed, and hangs in Headquarters.

During the summer, Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Canning Town were honoured by visits and Guide inspections by Her Royal Highness, and in July the Royal Yacht anchored off the Channel Islands, where the King's "Norman subjects" united to give the Royal party an

enthusiastic welcome. Both in Guernsey and Jersey the Movement received tremendous impetus from Princess Mary's inspections and interest, and in the King's farewell message he specially adds: "My daughter tells me that the Girl Guide Movement is making good progress in the Islands."

During the last two years it has become more and more the custom for Girl Guide companies, districts, divisions, and counties to have flags or standards to symbolise their ideals and loyalties, and around which they gather as the central points at rallies, camps, or even in the club-room. The Guides are taught thoroughly to understand the significance of these standards, and how to treat them with the ceremony and respect which befit the ideals they represent. The Union Jack, our national flag, is of course ever a company's most treasured possession, for it stands to them for the King and the nation, calling to remembrance our national heroes, and symbolising in its triple crosses not only the three patron saints of our island kingdom, but the religion for which they lived and suffered.

Thus, the Union Jack is a sign to every British Girl Guide of duty to God and the King, of loyalty, self-sacrifice, and brotherhood.

Naturally the Guides desired that their Royal President should have her own standard, and the Countess of Leicester, and the Guides of the County of Norfolk, who have the honour of claiming Her Royal Highness as their County President also, provided the beautiful materials, while members of the Movement who are skilled with their needle were invited to assist in embroidering the standard for presentation to the Princess.

The fine design was conceived by Mr. Geoffrey Webb, who, with other artists, is greatly interested in this effort of the Guides to embellish their assemblies, and to decorate the civic ceremonies in which they so often take part. The design, which has been very carefully thought out, shows in the highest possible form the ideal towards which a Guide standard should aim.

Near the hoist is the gold trefoil, the symbolic badge of the three Guide promises, and which is also the "Tenderfoot"

badge, worn by every enrolled member of the Movement, both in and out of uniform.

This great trefoil lies on an azure field, blue being the Guide colour. The rest of the length of the flag is made of alternate bands (two each) of blue and white unfadable damask. Part way along the standard is a transverse band of gold, bearing the Guide motto—"Be Prepared."

The standards of ancient days were far larger than those in use by the Guides, but those of the latter are in accordance with tradition both in shape and in being charged with badges. All alike display nearest the hoist the trefoil, emblem of the Guide Movement all over the world, and further show devices and mottoes of historic interest and inspiring meaning.

The standard of H.R.H. the Princess Mary is, according to ancient custom "for those of Royal Blood," entire—that is, not split at the end, and measures nine feet long, with a width of two and a half feet at the hoist.

It symbolises, as is apparent to all, the true loyalty of the Guides for their President.

It is very certain that nobody was more excited and delighted to hear the news of the Princess's engagement to Lord Lascelles than her fellow-members among the Guides. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the founder of the Movement, writing in the *Guide Gazette* for December 1921, said, "There was not one of us Guides throughout the whole Empire who was not thrilled when the news came. . . . It could not have been a better match, since Lord Lascelles has proved himself above the average, and that a very high average, of soldiers at the front. And Princess Mary, during the short time she has been 'out,' has proved herself as one who puts duty before all, and who, by her personality, has won the affection of everyone."

Sir Robert then went on to expound the idea of a united Guide wedding present, the subscription to which was to be strictly limited to a penny each. Thereby hangs a true story, and one that is extraordinarily typical of the feelings of the Movement as a whole, although they happen to be voiced by one of its very smallest members.

This particular Guide Company had just been having its Christmas party, and after an uproarious entertainment, in which Father Christmas and stockings and crackers had all played leading parts, the Captain suddenly blew her whistle, and there was an instant hush in the babel of noise around her.

"To your patrols," she said quietly, and in an incredibly short time they stood, hot and rather grubby, behind their several leaders, wondering what "Captain" had to say to them.

"Guides," she said, "you know who your President is, don't you?"

"Yes," everybody answered at once. "It's Princess Mary, an' she's goin' to be married! Of *course* we know."

"Well, Guides and Brownies all over the Empire are going to give her a present when she's married. She's going to choose it herself, something she *really* wants. And nobody is going to give more than a penny, so that we'll all be the same. You'd like to share in the present too, wouldn't you?"

"'Course," was the brief reply.

"That's all," said the Captain. "I

knew you would. Off home now, and bring your pennies on Tuesday."

The company slowly disappeared.

When the last child had reluctantly vanished, clasping an enormous rag doll to her chest, the door opened again very slowly, and a minute Guide tiptoed in, muffled up to the eyes with comforters and shawls.

"Captain!"

"Hullo, Jenny, what's wrong?"

There was a long pause, while shawls and coats and frock and countless petticoats were all patiently investigated.

Captain waited and wondered.

At last a very hot and sticky penny was pressed into her hand.

"But, Jenny, what's this for, dear?"

"It's for Princess Mary," whispered Jenny.

"Oh, Jenny, but can you afford it to-night?" (The Guider knew the state of the family exchequer.) "How are you going to pay for your bus home?"

"I wants to be certain *sure* she gets it," whispered Jenny, and quickly disappeared, before Captain could say another word.

CHAPTER IX

THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

"IT is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the Betrothal of their Beloved Daughter, Princess Mary, to Viscount Lascelles, D.S.O., eldest son of the Earl of Harewood.

"At a Council held at Buckingham Palace this evening His Majesty was pleased to declare his consent to the Marriage.

"November 22nd, 1921."

So ran the formal announcement of Princess Mary's engagement, which came as a tremendous surprise and delight to the general public.

It is curious how little gossip about it succeeded in penetrating to the ever alert press. Wise heads in Yorkshire may have nodded knowingly when the news did come out, but there is no doubt that

[*By courtesy of the Daily Mirror.*

H.R.H. THE DAY AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED.

the whole affair was kept a complete secret, except amongst members of the Court circle, and Lord Lascelles' more intimate friends.

No one is more sentimental than the average Briton—though of course he prides himself upon concealing that humiliating fact—and, needless to say, the first question that rose to everyone's lips was whether the engagement was one of royal "arrangement" or really a love match.

Very little has, of course, been divulged about it, and it is the last thing into which anyone would wish to pry, but one fact is certain, and that is that Lord Lascelles took the initiative throughout, and when he had ascertained that there would be no objection to his approaching the Princess with an offer of marriage, and that his suit was indeed likely to find royal favour, he lost no time in setting to work to win her love and obtain her promise.

He was staying at Chatsworth only a month before the announcement of the engagement, when the Princess was also one of the large house-party, and he went with her and the Duke and Duchess of

Devonshire on a short visit to Buxton which they paid during their stay. Then, too, he was at Balmoral in the autumn, and wiseacres may have noticed that he was staying at York Cottage soon after that, and hunting with the West Norfolk, with the Princess as an enthusiastic companion.

The King's consent was asked and obtained on Sunday, November 20th, and there was a delay of a short forty-eight hours only in making the news known to the public, in order that all the members of the Royal Household and Lord Lascelles' family should be the first to hear the announcement.

Of course the Princess cabled at once to the Prince of Wales in India, and, equally of course, his answer came back in an incredibly short space of time, full of affectionate delight at the news. Then on the Tuesday came the formal announcement in the papers, and the Princess was nearly overwhelmed with letters and telegrams of good wishes from all parts of the country, and indeed from all over the world.

The whole country was overjoyed that

their Princess was going not only to marry an Englishman, but also the man of her heart, and that it was not a mere *mariage de convenance*, or, as someone once phrased it, "a marriage for purposes of geography."

Yorkshire was, of course, more than delighted. Lord Lascelles is immensely popular throughout the county, where he was brought up on his father's estates at Harewood. He received hundreds of telegrams from fellow-Yorkshiremen, and before the week was out the three Ridings were unitedly discussing a county wedding present, and planning a royal welcome in the highest sense of the word when the Princess should come to Yorkshire and be introduced to her husband's county.

Perhaps it is because Lord Lascelles has never been considered much of a "ladies' man" that the friendship between the two did not arouse more comment. He is not a man who cares for the ultra "modern girl," and Princess Mary's charming *naïveté* and simplicity of character have made a tremendous appeal to him from the first.

They have many tastes in common:

two in particular, their very great love of horses, and their real knowledge of old furniture with all the kindred arts that enthral the keen collector of antiques. In both pursuits they have spent a great deal of time together, and it is little wonder that, with so much to form the basis of true friendship, deeper feelings should soon have become aroused.

Everyone noticed the Princess's radiant face after her engagement. The embodiment of happiness, she thoroughly enjoyed all the rush and long hours of preparation for her wedding. But even in the midst of it all she spared time whenever she could to have a day out hunting, and had several splendid runs, with Lord Lascelles never very far off, as may be imagined.

Years ago the late Sir Richard Holmes, who was royal librarian at Windsor for so many years, wrote to a friend in the following rather charming way—a quotation which it is now peculiarly interesting to recall: "Open in countenance, high-spirited in character, and affectionate in disposition, Princess Mary will, when she leaves the schoolroom and comes out into the social world, take all hearts by

storm. She is so natural, so jolly, and so brimming over with the energy and joy of life. An old man, I hope, may be pardoned for trying to look into the future, and I must admit that I often wonder who will win the hand of our Princess. What an immensely lucky man he will be!"

The "lucky man" is—to give him his full title—Henry George Charles, Viscount Lascelles, eldest son of the Earl of Harewood, Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was born on September 9th, 1882, and was educated at Eton, where he is perhaps best remembered as Master of the school Beagles. He then went to Sandhurst, and was finally gazetted to the Grenadier Guards. He did not, however, stick to an army career exclusively, for he entered the Diplomatic Service shortly afterwards, and from 1905–7 was attaché to the British Embassy at Rome, and for the four following years was A.D.C. to Earl Grey, then Governor-General of Canada.

Upon the outbreak of war in 1914 he at once rejoined his old regiment, and was posted to the 3rd Battalion Grenadier

Guards. Sent out to France almost immediately, he continued to serve abroad throughout the whole campaign, although he was three times wounded, and once suffered severely from gas-poisoning.

Lord Lascelles wears the decorations of the D.S.O. and bar, and the Croix de Guerre, besides having been several times mentioned in despatches. In 1918 he was promoted Lieut.-Colonel, and was in command when his battalion fought in the capture of Mauberge two days before the Armistice.

Everyone in his regiment thinks "Don Lascelles" a "very good fellow." He is very keen on sport of all kinds, a fine shot, and is of course devoted to horses and hunting.

"A bally millionaire, and not a cigarette to bless myself with!" was his gloomy remark overheard one day in France, which quickly went the round of the Mess. He is, indeed, a very rich man, the "richest soldier in England," as he has been called, for some years ago he inherited the whole of the fortune of his uncle, the eccentric Lord Clanricarde, who had for years made a hobby both of

saving money and of collecting priceless art treasures of all kinds.

Lord Lascelles is, therefore, not only heir to the Harewood estates, but also inherits Portumna Castle, in County Galway in Ireland. More recently he bought Chesterfield House in London, a magnificent house with historic traditions, which forms a suitable setting for the family portraits, and many other wonderful collections of old china and glass, bequeathed to him by his uncle.

Lord Lascelles is really an extraordinarily versatile person. Love of the open air and the sporting life does not always breed a love of old furniture and pictures, nor does a good eye for a horse necessarily ensure similar judgment for rare glass. But he has all these sides to his character, and his library at Chesterfield House is as full of treasures as his racing-stables are full of pedigree horses. On his shelves stand wonderfully bound and illustrated editions of the lives of the Old Masters, side by side with books on travel in Africa, and Asia, and all parts of the world.

Great volumes on antiques are there, and others on glass and china, and on Italian

art and French painting, that show signs of being well studied, and not a library of untouched beautiful editions just "for show."

His books are beyond price, and very many, and, although the saying goes that a man is judged by his friends, his character may very well be also gauged by the books he reads.

Lord Lascelles is certainly the possessor of a very attractive personality, and, though he is the last person in the world to admit it, he is one of those wonderfully good-natured people whose generosity is sometimes apt to be abused. No trouble is too much for him to take for a friend in need of help, and there are many who have cause to be grateful to him for timely assistance; not only monetary help, but the real loyal support of a man who will go through fire and water rather than see any friend of his suffer. Once he undertakes a thing, he allows nothing to interfere with its execution, and this trait is one of his most striking characteristics.

Owner of such vast wealth, Lord Lascelles has had every opportunity to be spoilt, but he is certainly not affected by

[Topical.

PRINCESS MARY AND LORD LASCELLES WITH THE WEST NORFOLK

it in this way; indeed, he does not seem to be in the least aware of all that it brings him even as regards publicity. He enjoys his possessions entirely for the pleasure he takes in their intrinsic beauty and without regard to their commercial value.

He likes to be surrounded by beauty, and each picture that he buys, his lovely Cosway or the many Teniers that fill the walls of one of the small drawing-rooms at Chesterfield House, are hung under his own supervision, just as the rooms are decorated and arranged according to his own individual and very perfect taste.

As opposed to this side of his character come the race-course and the hunting-field, where he is equally well known. When the Bramham Moor were in difficulties with funds some time ago, and badly in need of a home-bred Master, Lord Lascelles at once came forward, and is now Joint Master of the hunt, arranging to take over the country with Colonel Lane-Fox, though it is probable that he will soon succeed to the sole Mastership when the new kennels now being built near Harewood are finished. The Prin-

cess must look forward tremendously to hunting with the Bramham Moor, and there is no doubt of the welcome she will get as the wife of the popular Master.

Possibly the Princes were instrumental in making her so keen on horses; they certainly are no less keen themselves, for the Prince of Wales is becoming quite a well-known gentleman-rider, while the Duke of York hunts regularly with the Cottesmore. Prince Henry is perhaps the best rider of them all, taking up polo while he was at Sandhurst, and never losing a chance of a day's hunting since.

It was quite an innovation at the Ascot meeting in 1919 to see a royal lady descend, as the Princess did on that occasion, accompanied by her brothers, to mix with the fashionable crowd in the paddock.

She was present at her first Grand National in 1921, and insisted on going into the owner's ring, with Lord Derby's daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, to see the wonderful Aintree 'chasers at close quarters.

Her own prowess across country is well known, for when she was staying recently with Lord Lonsdale, and out

with the Cottesmore, she even gave her pilot a lead, and took a big obstacle which he would most certainly have steered her clear of, if she had not taken her own line and carried on. It may be imagined that her fearlessness is the cause of a certain amount of anxiety on the part of those who are responsible for her safety in the hunting-field.

It was while she was staying in Rutland that the Princess visited the ancient castle at Oakham, to perform the time-honoured ceremony of depositing a horseshoe in the famous hall. Rutland originally possessed five old Norman castles, but these have now completely disappeared, leaving only the traces of mounds, and here and there a fosse, to mark their original sites. The Oakham Castle which survives was probably built in the latter part of the twelfth century, and there still remains the walled enclosure, and a fosse, now of course drained, together with the banqueting-hall, which is used as an Assize Court for civil and criminal business. But within the Hall is commemorated a very old custom, inaugurated by Queen Elizabeth, who

decreed—as the reward for a service done to her own steed—that every peer of the realm on passing through Oakham for the first time, should give a horseshoe to the Lord of the Manor, and that should anyone refuse to render this toll, the bailiff was to have the power to take a shoe by force.

It is curious that after more than four hundred years the custom should continue, though the toll has long since come to be payment for a shoe, which can be made of such size and design as the peer desires. Both the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert have their horseshoes on the walls, and all are deposited by virtue of their rank as peers of the realm, rather than as members of the Royal Family.

The Princess has an extraordinarily good seat on a horse, and also very good hands; she is considered a very useful whip, and not only drives her own pair of greys, but manages a team, and takes a four-in-hand along in good style, when she occasionally has out her coach at Windsor.

So there is no doubt that, with their other common interests, it is the love of the open, whether walking the moor in

Scotland, yachting, racing, or hunting, that has brought her and Lord Lascelles into very close touch indeed.

There is rather a delightful story told of Lord Lascelles some years ago, which serves to illustrate his easy good-nature. A troop of Boy Scouts were out on a day's hike, and about noon had a big dixie stewing over a camp fire. The savoury smell issuing from it was such that it caused a passing pedestrian to wander across the grass to have a chat with the Scoutmaster. The smell betokened rabbit stew—no doubt of that—and perhaps the Scoutmaster read a faint suspicion lurking in the visitor's mind, so he hastened to explain that the son of the landowner on whose property they were camping, had come along and offered to show the Scouts over the ruined castle. Then he had suggested rabbiting, and was so much amused at the eager gleam of joy in the lads' eyes, that he and they and a couple of terriers had a regular morning at it, and the boys had the best sport of their lives.

Not to disappoint any of the others, the first lot were sent back to start their stew, and the man took another lot on,

and while the Scoutmaster was finishing this amazing tale, back came the second patrol bearing their "bag" with them.

It turned out that the hospitable "son of the owner" was none other than Lord Lascelles, and the property was Harewood.

It is a tradition with the Lascelles family to take an active interest in politics. As far back as 1653 a Lascelles was member for the North Riding, and successive generations produced politicians in their turn. Lord Lascelles stood for Parliament in 1913, contesting Keighley Division in the Unionist interest, in a by-election of that year. The fight was a keen one, for he was opposed by no less formidable an opponent than the then Solicitor-General, Sir Stanley (now Lord) Buckmaster, who eventually won the seat, though not by so large a majority as might have been expected.

Lord Lascelles pleased the Conservative electors immensely with his spirited candidature; they welcomed his candid championship of their interests, and were also delighted with his personal charm of manner and general good humour. He

stood the attacks of the hecklers and the whole strain of a first campaign splendidly, considering the odds against which he was fighting, although, as the land-war was just then at its height, he was, of course, a good deal heckled on his family's land-roll. On one occasion, when a critic had been levelling all manner of sweeping assertions at his head, concerning the fact that the Viscount's family had "fought the people for their land," he replied at once, "No, one of my ancestors fought a King (Charles I) for the people, for the right of 'No taxation without representation!'" a prompt retort which at once raised a cheer.

Yorkshire indeed claimed him as one of her future political leaders, and shortly after his defeat he was chosen as the prospective candidate for the Barkston Ash Division. But he has since retired from that position, and it is not at present likely that he will take a very active part in politics.

CHAPTER X

AT HOME

AS soon as the first excitement over the news of the engagement had died down, and the fact of her betrothal to an Englishman was established in the public mind, there was, not unnaturally, a certain amount of comment on the news that the Princess was to marry one who was still a "commoner" in rank, and not even a peer of the realm.

This action on the part of the King in allowing such a union was a source of universal satisfaction throughout the country, and it was not regarded so completely as a surprise as it might have been, in that it followed so shortly after the Duke of Connaught's consent to Princess Patricia's marriage, which involved a similar inequality of rank.

The wide-mindedness and liberality of the King are apparent in this decision regarding the future of his only daughter. But there is, in the recent history of his

house, sufficient precedent for such a marriage, when it is remembered that Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise, married the Marquess of Lorne, afterwards Duke of Argyll, and that later her eldest granddaughter married the Earl of Fife, a Scottish peer, who was elevated to a dukedom at the wedding breakfast.

That Princess Mary is marrying a man who is a good deal older than herself is also not surprising. Brought up as she has been in the society of her elder brothers, she naturally tended to make friends more nearly of their ages than of her own. She experienced none of the spurious gaiety that many a young girl of her age enjoyed, as a brief relaxation from war-work: in all those years, when in ordinary times she would have been having the gayest of seasons as a royal debutante, she never once allowed herself to take any part in society entertainments—even in dancing, which she loves—and consequently grew up graver and more serious in disposition than her years warranted.

Young in her simplicity of character, and unsophisticated to a degree, the Prin-

cess at the age of twenty-four is a curious mixture of youth and experience; and the fact that she is entering on a life which will be totally foreign to her sheltered upbringing at the Palace, makes the disparity in years between her husband and herself all the more suitable. If she finds the unaccustomed emancipation difficult at first to understand, she will appreciate Lord Lascelles' knowledge of the world, and rely on the ready tact and sympathy which can be trusted to make the way easier for her.

So far as birth and the claims of long descent go, the old Yorkshire family into which the Princess is marrying is one of which any Englishman might be proud to belong.

Away back in the year 1295 lived Roger de Lascelles, a baron in the reign of Edward I, and the present branch of the family can be traced to one John de Lascelles of Hinderskelfe (now Castle Howard), who flourished in 1315.

It is curious to read that one of Lord Lascelles ancestors, whose descendant is so closely allying himself with the Royal House to-day, sided with the Parliamen-

HAREWOOD HOUSE [*Topical*

tary forces against the Crown in the time of the Commonwealth; this was Colonel Francis Lascelles, of Stank and Northallerton, who attached himself strongly to the Roundhead cause. With the Restoration his sons emigrated to the West Indies, subsequently to return at a later date, when political passions did not run so high, the possessors of an immense fortune with which they purchased Harewood and other estates.

In 1790 Edwin Lascelles, great-grandson of the Colonel, and of political fame, was created Baron Harewood; but, dying childless five years later, the estates went to his cousin, Colonel Edward Lascelles, the younger son of the grandson who settled in Barbados.

The following year the Barony was revived in his favour, and six years later he was further elevated in the peerage, and became Viscount Lascelles, and first Earl of Harewood. His son, Henry, born in 1767, became eventually the second Earl, and was Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding, and the third Earl, born in 1797, held the same position in the county, while the fourth Earl, Lord Lascelles' grandfather,

who was born in 1844, and died in 1892, married the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Clanricarde, which shows how that connection in the family arose.

The present Earl was born in 1846, and is, like his grandfather before him, Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding, and also President of the West Riding Territorial Force Association. In 1881 he married Lady Florence Katherine Bridgeman, daughter of the Earl of Bradford.

Harewood House, the seat of the Lascelles family, shows many traces of the West Indian connection, particularly in the wonderful old mahogany double doors, made on the family estates in Barbados many years ago, of which there are no less than seventy-six in the house.

It is not of any great antiquity, as the foundation-stone was only laid in 1760, and it took about twelve years to build. It is, however, a magnificent building, designed by Edward Carr, the best-known northern architect of his day, and is in somewhat the same style as Chatsworth, only a good deal smaller—a long rather low-lying house, with a higher central block, and two symmetrical wings. Both

Robert Adam and Chippendale were employed upon its furnishing, though the discovery of some old bills has proved that Chippendale probably completed a certain amount of the work attributed to Adam.

The name of the estate, which lies not far from Knaresborough, is derived from Here-wood—the wood of the soldiers—and was probably the site of a battle fought between the Danes and Saxons in pre-Norman days.

It is full of art treasures, perhaps the most famous being the wonderful collection of old Sèvres china, collected by the eldest son of the first Earl. This is valued at an immense figure, and said to be only surpassed by that at Windsor, and though America makes many a bid for its possession, it is still proudly preserved in the family.

The entrance hall is very fine. Leading Italian decorative artists of the eighteenth century, such as Antonio Zucchi and Rebecchi, designed many of the beautiful ceilings, and there is, of course, the wonderful picture gallery, which boasts several good Reynolds, Hoppners, and Lawrences among its other treasures.

Here, too, is to be seen the Sèvres, and the ceiling is painted by Rose, with plaques by Angelica Kauffman.

Harewood has always been noted for the glorious view from the terraced garden running along the south of the house, looking over the grounds that were so carefully laid out originally by Lancelot Brown, the "Capability Brown" of landscape garden fame, who had so much to do with beautifying Blenheim and Kew. From the terrace one looks across to meadowlands, sloping steeply at first, and then more gently down to the lake beyond the gardens; while on either side of the house there are dark masses of trees that stand out in relief, and form, as it were, a frame to the picture. Beyond the lake the ground rises again, until rolling hills stretch away into the distance of the moors.

The village of Harewood is a lovely little spot, which seven hundred years ago was a flourishing market town, and in Domesday Book is shown as a parish of over 12,000 acres, or rather more than 19 square miles.

Close to the present house, and in the grounds which surround it, stand the

ancient ruins of the original castle, which came into existence in Norman times. Later it is recorded that Sir William de Aldeburgh enlarged and buttressed it by permission of Edward III. It is extraordinary how the village has kept so much of its old-time peace and repose, when it is realised that it is only a few miles from the huge manufacturing city of Leeds. Luckily the railway has missed this corner of Wharfedale, which is so far saved from the encroachments of commerce, and can only be approached by road. In the little Harewood church there are many monuments of interest, chief among them the tomb of Sir William Gascoigne, the famous Lord Chief Justice who committed Prince "Hal" to prison for contempt of court, and is said to have drawn from King Henry IV the historic exclamation: "Happy is the monarch who possesses a Judge so resolute in the discharge of his duty, and a son so willing to yield to the authority of the law!"

In the Commonwealth period of history the Castle again changed hands, and was bought by Sir John Cutler, who in a fit of economy ruined it for ever by destroying

the roof and taking the timbers for use in other buildings on the estate. It was from his descendants that Henry Lascelles, father of Edwin, first Lord Harewood, bought the property.

There have been many royal visits to Harewood House in the past, dating from the time when Queen Victoria stayed there with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, before her accession in 1837. The Tsar of Russia was also a guest in 1816, and to come to more recent years we find that King Edward and Queen Alexandra once visited it, as did the present King and Queen, when they went to Leeds to open the new University buildings in that city.

In December 1921 the Queen and the Princess accompanied Lord Lascelles on a visit to his home, and they were given an enthusiastic reception at Leeds *en route* to Harewood.

Princess Mary specially asked to see ex-Pte. Benstead, who had carried Lord Lascelles out of action when he was seriously wounded at the second battle of Ypres, and both she and the Queen complimented him on his gallantry.

The Princess did not go out very much during her visit, but stayed quietly in the grounds most of the time, and both she and her mother planted trees in the gardens, as is the almost invariable custom when royalty stays at Harewood.

Goldsborough Hall, which was mentioned at one time as the probable residence of the Princess, if she does not at first actually live at Harewood itself, is also a home of the Lascelles family, and quite close by.

The house is not very large, and was probably built in the early seventeenth century, after the original Hall had been burnt to the ground some years before. There is some very fine Jacobean work in the Hall, and eventually the estate was bought in 1766 by Daniel Lascelles, who, in order to live there, gave up a large house he had started to build on the other side of the river. He settled at Goldsborough instead, and made many alterations in the building, also employing the services of the brothers Adam, who were then at work at Harewood House. Goldsborough Hall itself is a rectangular block of brick, with stone dressings, and contains some fine

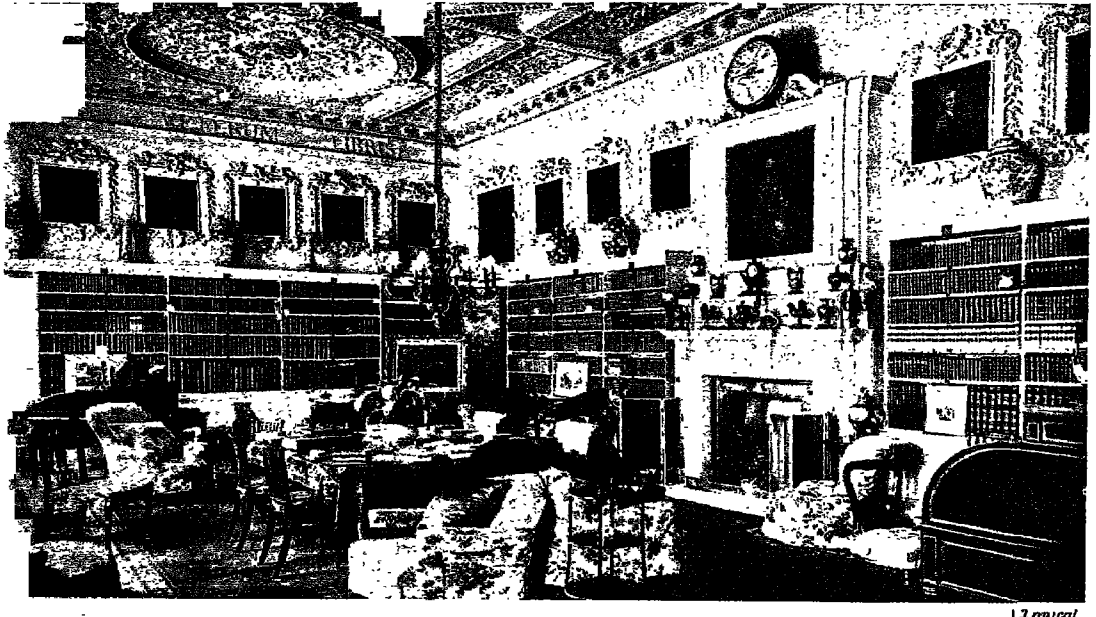
Adams' ceilings, and a very wonderful old stone fireplace. The park and gardens are notably picturesque, though not specially remarkable for their extent.

As we have already noticed, Lord Clanricarde left Lord Lascelles the ownership of Portumna Castle, in County Galway, and he paid his first visit there in 1916, soon after he had been wounded for the second time.

He had a great reception from the tenants, but has not been able to be much in Ireland since then, and the old house, which stands on Lough Derg, is in ruins. It was an old Tudor castle, and at one time Lord Lascelles intended to pull down the unfinished new house that was being built nearer the lake, and rebuild the old house with the stone; this idea, however, has not progressed far, as building schemes in Ireland have not been very practicable of late years.

At the present time, whenever he visits the property, he stays in the agent's house, which is not much more than a good-sized cottage, standing in the gardens.

Lastly, in the list of the Princess's new homes, we come to Chesterfield House, the



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THE LIBRARY, CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

historic mansion which will be her London home, and which Lord Lascelles purchased soon after his return from the war.

The house itself stands at the junction of South Audley Street and Curzon Street, the big doors opening into a square and pillared courtyard, and the front facing west, looking up Stanhope Street to the Park.

At the time of its construction in the middle of the eighteenth century it was said to be the most beautiful house in town, and it is indeed fortunate that Lord Lascelles has not only inherited such wonderful collections of old furniture, pictures, and china from his uncle, but also the latter's artistic taste and judgment, without which the house would be little more than a museum, instead of a beautiful home. Lord Clanricarde spent most of his life collecting wonderful pictures, and he was an infallible judge of antiques of all kinds. The pictures and portraits in the great dining-room, lit up by carefully shaded lights, and set against the deep crimson background of the long walls, are worth coming a very long way to see.

The whole house seems full of pictures;

staircases, reception rooms, passages, and halls have each a wonderful share in the great collection. Numbers of them were not in the original bequest, but have been bought by Lord Lascelles since his purchase of the house, and even after a cursory glance round, the merest tyro in such matters must grasp that immense knowledge, care, and taste have gone to the purchase and hanging of these wonderful treasures.

In one of his celebrated Letters, dated 1749, Lord Chesterfield describes his pleasure in the house: "I have yet finished nothing but my *boudoir* and my library; the former is the gayest and most cheerful room in England, the latter is the best. My garden is now turfed, planted and sown, and will in two months more make a scene of verdure and flowers not common in London."

And there is yet another good description some years later, after the Earl's death, when a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (No. 152) says, "In the magnificent mansion which the Earl erected in Audley Street you may still see his favourite apartments, furnished and

decorated as he left them—among the rest, what he boasted of as 'the finest room in London,' and perhaps even now it remains unsurpassed, his spacious and beautiful library looking on the finest private garden in the West End. The walls are covered half-way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are in close series the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom Lord Chesterfield had conversed; over these, and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round in foot-long capitals two lines from Horace.

"On the mantelpieces and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy statuettes in marble or alabaster. . . ."

Both the columns of the screen facing the courtyard, and the wide marble staircase, which curves upwards in two flights from the great hall, were brought from Canons, near Edgware, the dismantled seat of the "princely" Duke of Chandos, which was pulled down in the year 1744, when the wonderful contents were put up to auction.

But by far the most interesting room in the house is the famous library, where the fourth Earl is reputed to have written the Letters undisturbed. The big gardens in which he delighted were greatly curtailed when Magniac, a City merchant, who bought the place in 1869, sold part of the estate for building, and it is on part of the old gardens that Chesterfield Gardens now stand. A historian relates a rather amusing story of the portrait of the old Lord Chesterfield's ancestors, that used originally to hang on the library walls. As a piece of satire on the boast of ancestry, which apparently was so common in those days in great families, he is said to have placed two pictures amongst the family portraits, under which he inscribed the titles—"Adam de Stanhope," and "Eve de Stanhope." Nothing could have been quite so effective.

The original portraits that hung above the bookcases in the library were eventually sold by subsequent owners of the house, and were all more or less scattered in other galleries and collections throughout the country.

Since interesting himself in furnishing

his new possession, and restoring it again to its original magnificence, Lord Lascelles has managed, by diligent and painstaking search, to retrieve all the original portraits that delighted Lord Chesterfield when he furnished his house so long ago, and he has even hung them in their original places upon the library walls.

Chesterfield House is certainly a fit residence for a King's daughter, and the thought of being amongst such beautiful things, and living in such an historic old house, must be a great joy to the Princess, and it will no doubt be the first of her new homes in which she will formally take up her position as chief among the leaders of London Society.

Durga Sah Municipal Library,

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